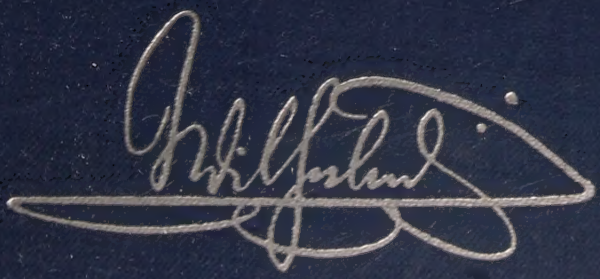
My Ancestors



MY ANCESTORS

THE EX-KAISER
His latest portrait

WILLIAM II

MY ANCESTORS

Translated by
W. W. ZAMBRA

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To
MY WIFE

CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION	i
THE FIRST ZOLLERNS	1
THE ELECTOR FREDERICK II	21
FROM THE SUCCESSORS OF FREDERICK IRONTOOTH TO THE GREAT ELECTOR	31
THE GREAT ELECTOR	43
KING FREDERICK I	59
FREDERICK WILLIAM I	71
FREDERICK THE GREAT	89
FREDERICK WILLIAM II	127
FREDERICK WILLIAM III	135
FREDERICK WILLIAM IV	191
THE OLD EMPEROR	215
THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III	259

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE EX-KAISER	*Frontispiece*
	Facing page
THE ELECTOR FREDERICK I	16
THE ELECTOR FREDERICK II	32
THE ELECTOR GEORGE WILLIAM	48
THE GREAT ELECTOR FREDERICK WILLIAM	64
KING FREDERICK I	80
THE SOLDIER KING FREDERICK WILLIAM I	96
FREDERICK THE GREAT AS CROWN-PRINCE	112
FREDERICK THE GREAT	128
FREDERICK WILLIAM II	144
KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III	160
KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV	176
THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I	224
THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III	240

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

It is not my intention to write a chronological description of my ancestors or of the history of our House. Material enough for that purpose has been collected by historians. I simply propose to record the general impression of the personalities of my forefathers, and of their efficiency, as received in my youth, and as the passage of years has left stamped firmly on my mind.

The Zollerns are just men like other men. It goes without saying therefore, that in the course of the five hundred years of its rule our House had produced personalities of very different kinds. Energetic characters are succeeded by weaker ones, gifted by less gifted, capable by less capable. And, according to the varying talents and dispositions of the different Princes, so there is a difference in the spheres of interest in which they develop their natural gifts and abilities,

whether these be of a more warlike, a more artistic, or of a more scientific and peaceable nature. Owing to their deeply-rooted inward religious fervour they all regarded themselves as being responsible to God for their actions and achievements—as the Elector Frederick I expressed it—"As the simple bailiffs of God in the performance of His work." This sense of personal responsibility to God automatically compelled them to keep the "good" of the "Whole" always before them, and to put the principal of *Suum cuique* into practice, long before Frederick I had these words engraved on the Star of the Order of the Black Eagle. This *Suum cuique* could only be converted into practice by firm adherence to the following fundamental principal and basic guiding line—the creation of an "objective State-Authority," standing above all parties and specially interested groups, and kept free from the influences of outside interests. Only thus could the meaning of *Suum cuique* be brought to full effect—

that is, the "objective State-Authority" would be at its purest when embodied in the person of a Monarch, who would neither be compelled to win parties over to himself through the concession of every conceivable sort of privilege, nor could himself be won over by them—being, in his independence of material and financial things, independent of the struggle for position, career and external possibilities of advancement in which every one else engages. He would incorporate the authority of the State with its most important attribute: he would be, through his very position, incorruptible.

What the Hohenzollerns, in such a situation, have made of the Nation and out of the Nation, a Hohenzollern, who, all his life, has given much thought to the work and ways of his ancestors, will here attempt to sketch in a few lines.

Doorn: November 9, 1928.

THE FIRST ZOLLERNS

THE FIRST ZOLLERNS

The Emperor Frederick II, the Hohenstaufen, was without doubt one of the most notable figures among the German Emperors. He stands out prominently from the ranks of his contemporaries by virtue of a conception, which, for his epoch, was absolutely creative. This was the conception—only to be fully realised in modern times—of the "State," ruled and directed by an "objective State-Authority." Standing above everything, independent of the interested actions of classes and corporate bodies, free from the influence of the dominating Church ever greedy for rule, this State-Authority should, and would, keep the interest of the "Whole" alone in view, and render everything subservient to that "Whole," that is to the "State." (Gmelin: "Das Antlitz des Kaisers"). In his tenacious pursuit of this idea the Emperor

Frederick II raised Sicily and South Italy, in particular, through his economic and financial measures, to a high degree of prosperity. But his creation had no endurance. When he closed his eyes it went with him to dust. Politically his plans were wrecked by the eternal opposition of the German Princes, by the unreliability to his Italian subjects and by the Church, which laid claim to a considerable right of jurisdiction in worldly affairs, and which had decided not to suffer, under any circumstances, the erection alongside itself of such a structure as the Emperor was striving to build. And so the conception of the "State," as such, disappeared again from man's field of vision.

Rudolf of Habsburg revived it. This great Emperor also grasped the conception of a "strong Imperial Central Authority"—"the objective State Authority"—and exerted himself to translate it into practice. It is known that his cousin, the Burgrave of Nuremberg, was successful in uniting the

majority of the Electors' votes in favour of the Count of Habsburg, chiefly because the latter, a relatively poor man, wielded no power of family influence. This was always of great importance in the Imperial elections, because the powerful Electors then had the prospect of being able to ring concessions of all sorts of privileges from the Emperor, when difficult situations arose in which he would have to appeal to them for help. Rudolf saw this clearly, and he began to lay the foundations of the edifice of the Habsburg's family power. His successors threw themselves into the work with such zeal —building up their power by succession- and family-settlements, e.g., Margaret Maultasch—that by degrees the great and vigorous "State idea" faded more and more away. Maximilian extended the system—Burgundy—and soon it was the conception of "family power" alone—that of the personal dynastic interests of the Habsburg's alone—that held sway; and to such an ex-

tent, that they became indifferent to the growth and destiny of the Empire.

The Habsburgs founded a mighty "family power" on the principal of plural possessions, in which the original "State idea" no longer played any part. But the Hohenzollerns founded a State, for the development of which they worked unceasingly. They created their own state for themselves out of nothing and, in doing so, gave a uniform and common Fatherland to the people of that part of Europe from which it was formed.

They were the Burgraves of Nuremberg, the counts of Zollern. According to the view of a modern scholar their origin is to be traced back to the House of the Burkardingers, who were settled on the Lake of Constance; and they have also had their home in the Grisons, where the old Zollern castle of Razynz still stands, and where—so General Sprecher von Bernegg, the former chief of the General Staff of the Swiss Army, himself a Grisons man, personally told me—the

people still cherish the memory of our House with pride.

At the Council of Constance in 1415 Count Frederick of Zollern—who had been since 1411 Lord of the Kurmark of Brandenburg—was raised to the dignity of an Elector through enfeoffment with the Mark. He left the sunny south of Germany, in whose lordly flourishing cities the Emperors used to spend so much of their time, left his magnificent Nuremberg—with whose fortunes the Counts of Zollern had been linked since the days of Frederick Barbarossa—and departed, along with his aristocratic dependents, better-educated burghers and tradespeople, into the north, to his new task in a desolate and gloomy land.

It was a terrible difference that confronted him. A land covered with marshes and forests, a land spoilt by neglect and fallen into confusion through misrule and the innumerable endless feuds and struggles between towns and nobles; a population sunk into a

hopeless state of servitude and grown savage with brutal treatment; a nobility unbridled in its egoism, inclined to the marauding habits of robber-knights, and which in culture, customs and forms of social intercourse in no way approached the South German nobility, in whose midst the Zollerns had lived so long. In short it can be truly said, that when the Elector Frederick the First entered the Mark he found Chaos. His reception, moreover, was cool, even hostile and repudiating. We all know the saying about "Nuremberg geegaws."

This disastrous state of affairs could only be remedied by the institution of a State, ruled by an "objective State-Authority," which would stand above all classes, leagues and parties, which would be insusceptible to outside influences, and which would always keep the good of the "Whole" in view. A State whose members, no matter of what degree, would be forced to feel their obligation to work, to achieve, and even to make

sacrifices at the expense of their own personal private interests, for the good of the "Whole." An unheard-of demand for those days. This idea—which Frederick II, the Hohenstaufen, had already once endeavoured to realise—was taken up by Frederick I, the Hohenzollern, and he began to convert it into practice.

His life was a hard one. Many were the bitter struggles he had to fight out to a finish, both in the subjugation of strongholds in his own territory and in wars against jealous neighbours. His aim was to encourage and develop the towns, to expand their commercial possibilities, by abolishing their petty spirit of small-scale trading, which the Electors found particularly unpleasant in comparison with the conditions prevailing in the towns of the South. In order that trade might be developed the roads to the market towns had to be cleared of the swarms of robbers, and the castles of the unruly nobles destroyed. By these means the Elector

Frederick I gave the towns freedom of movement and ensured their advancement and prosperity. His duties to the Empire often called him away from his work in the Mark, but he always took it up again on his return, unperturbed by no matter what difficulties. Through his marriage he stood in close relationship to Bavaria, for he took as his bride the daughter of Duke Frederick of Bayern-Landshut. The peasants of the Mark called her "Beautiful Else," and she won her way into the hearts of the people by works of charity to which they were not accustomed.

That the Elector Frederick I was a particularly talented and distinguished statesman is well established. In this connection I remember conversations I had with Ganghofer over sources which only became available in recent times. This author, in whose "Ochsenkrieg" the figure of the Elector appears fleetingly here and there, told me that he had found so much interesting and still abso-

lutely unknown and unused material in the Bavarian Archives about the Elector Frederick I, showing that he was a personality far and away distinguished above his contemporaries, that he had decided to write a historical novel about him, which should do him full justice, and at the same time emphasize the important influence he had among the princes and on the affairs of the Empire. If I remember rightly, Ganghofer drew a very apt parallel between the Elector Frederick I and Burgrave Eitel Friedrick I, cousin to Rudolf of Habsburg, who played the same part in the Empire under that Emperor, as the Elector did later on.

Unfortunately the war and this gifted author's early death prevented the fulfilment of his project.

And here I must insert an observation. When I was learning history, in my youth, it occurred to me that while mention is always made of the work done by the Zollerns for their own country notice is never taken of

the way they performed their duty to the Empire. Here also the memory comes to my mind of conversations, which I had much later on, with Professor Knackfuss, the historical painter of Mediæval subjects—as with Ganghofer—about the Hohenzollern family records. Knackfuss was a thorough paleographer, who used the results of his researches to great advantage in his pictures. To him I owe much valuable information about certain deeds of my ancestors for the Empire, which up till then had not once been mentioned in our family history. I quote briefly the most important events:

1. Burgrave Frederick III, Rudolf of Habsburg's cousin—their mothers were sisters—was influencing the votes of the Electors in Frankfort, in favour of Rudolf of Habsburg against the candidature of Louis, Count of the Palatinate, and above all against that of Ottokar of Bohemia. Knackfuss found a chronicle of Rudolf's, in which is described how, he, being in camp in front of

Basel and enjoying a morning repast of cabbage heads, was surprised to hear a blare of trumpets and to see his cousin, the Burgrave, ride up with the herald of the Empire at the head of a glittering retinue. When the Burgrave leaped from his horse and handed his cousin the missive announcing the latter's election as German king, Rudolf overcome, clasped his hands in prayer, and embraced the Burgrave. Full of wrath Ottokar of Bohemia now armed himself for battle against King Rudolf. A Tyrolese troubadour song, discovered by Knackfuss, describes the fierce battle on the Marchfelde between Rudolf and Ottokar in detail—even to the weapons, coats of arms and armour, of both knights and horses. Before it began Rudolf handed over the Banner of the Empire—an oriflamme, a long yellow pennon with a red streamer—to the Zollern, asking him whether he could trust himself to carry it unhurt through the battle. On the Burgrave's replying in the affirmative Rudolf

assigned him the Tyrolese knights as a body-guard for the protection of the Imperial Banner. According to the chronicle, which comes from the hand of one of these knights, they bathed the attacking Bohemian knights in a terrible sea of blood. The epic concludes with the statement that the Emperor had been closely bound to the Burgrave in intimate friendship all his life and that he had often sought his advice, as a wise and clever lord, in matters concerning the Empire. An interesting proof of how, in the early days, Habsburgs and Zollerns worked together for the good of the Empire.

2. We are standing with the Emperor Henry VII in front of Rome in 1312. He is the hero whom Dante summons to free Rome from her disgraceful misrule. The report of a journey made by a certain priest, who was private secretary to the Bishop Balduin the Great of Trier (the Emperor's brother and his strenuous defender against the malicious attacks of the Vatican) gives us this incident

from the Emperor's Roman expedition. Knackfuss found the document, an illuminated manuscript, in the archives of Coblenz. The Emperor Henry VII was a strong and conscientious upholder of all knightly duties, customs and usages. It came to his knowledge that in his army, then marching across the field of Nero with its front towards the Ponte Molle—known to us through the battle between Maxentius and Constantine—there were a number of young nobles who had not yet received the accolade. The Emperor, clad in full armour and mounted on his charger, with the Imperial Banner at his back, gave orders that the young nobles should pass before him, and he knighted them in full view of the army and of the oncoming Roman nobility. Among them was a young Duke of Bavaria and along with him the Burgrave of Nuremburg, Frederick IV of Hohenzollern. The pennons and coats of arms are shown in the pictorial illuminations of the manuscript. The ad-

vance guard of the Emperor's army is commanded by his vassal, Count Amadeus of Savoy, whilst in the centre there floats, among others, the banner of the last Count of Dauphiné. This bestowal of the accolade when mounted is the only example of it so far known in German history, and is therefore of peculiar value.

3. At Mühldorf and Ampfing the struggle was raging between Frederick the Fair of Austria and the Emperor Louis of Bavaria. The issue was decided by the Burgrave of Nuremberg, who by a clever flanking movement attacked the Austrians in the rear, took the Austrian Marshal von Pilichsdorf prisoner, and captured the Austrian standard, whilst Frederick the Fair surrendered himself to a vassal of the Burgrave Dietrich von Mosbach. The Burgrave handed over both prisoners to the Emperor Louis. (Uhland: Ludwig der Bayer).

4. At Nicopolis in 1396 the army of King Sigismund of Hungary (the later Emperor

THE ELECTOR FREDERICK I
From "Altertümer und Kunstdenkmale des Erlauchten Hauses Hohenzollern"
by Baron von Stillfried

Sigismund), which was composed of knights from every part of Europe and from France in particular, suffered a defeat, through the French detachments attacking on their own. After some initial successes the French were surprised whilst engaged in plundering, and overthrown by the sudden counter attack of the hoards of janissaries which the enemy had held in reserve, so that the whole army were flung into disorder. Here too Knackfuss unearthed an eye-witness's record of the battle. It describes how the Christian army fled to the Danube, closely pursued by the Turks. King Sigismund was saved from the danger in which the Turks' fierce charge had placed him by the brave selfless interposition of the Count of Zollern, who rescued the King single-handed from the pursuing Turks. He was taken to the galleys of the Maltese Order then lying at anchor on the Danube. Sigismund was able to express his gratitude later in Constance, when as Emperor, he made the Zollern an Elector. King Charles I of Ru-

mania has perpetuated the memory of this incident by a magnificent ornamental ship of silver which shows how the prince of the Wallachians, hurrying to the assistance of the Burgrave, calls a halt to the Turkish bands through the decisive attack of his cavalry.

All these events have been represented pictorially by Professor Knackfuss. These paintings—a history of our House in pictures—were hung in the new castle of Posen, which the Treaty of Versailles has now handed over to the Poles.

As has been shown then, my House played an active part in the early history of the Holy Roman Empire and produced characters which make their appeal as truly German men, faithful to their Emperor, and always acting for the good of the "Whole."

The Emperor Frederick I put an end to the chaos in the Mark with iron strength and justice, and he laid the foundations on which his successors could build up the ordered

structure of a State. Poetry has dealt with his enthralling personality and F. v. Wildenbruch has endeavoured to work out his character, in his play "Die Quitzows."

THE ELECTOR FREDERICK II

THE ELECTOR FREDERICK II

Frederick II, called "Irontooth" or "The Iron," who succeeded him, continued the work of his precedessor, under whose care the towns had been developed and brought to a high degree of prosperity. The two towns of Cologne and Berlin, however, gave "Irontooth" a great deal of anxiety, and, both by their endless disputes with each other, and by their rebellious opposition to their territorial lords, put many difficult obstacles in his way.

Above all, the Elector's intention to build a castle in Cologne, on the Spree, in order to raise the dignity of that town by making it his residence, was met with the utmost resistance by the Burghers, always proud of their "privileges," and bragging of their "liberty." The statue of Roland, standing in the market place, was for them the symbol of their "civic liberty," which

they thought to be threatened by the building of the castle. And when—in spite of all resistance—the erection of a castle was commenced, Cologne and Berlin united to take advantage of the absent Elector, who like his predecessor was constantly called upon to defend, sword in hand, his authority from internal disorders and his country from external attacks. They fell on the castle he had begun, they hindered its progress, they refused obedience to their liege lord and they barred their doors. Frederick II collected his army together in Spandau, where he lived —hence often called by the people of the Mark "Herr zu Spandau"—and, supported by the Johannites of the Comthurei, marched against Cologne and Berlin and forced them to surrender. As a punishment for their rebellion he threw down their Roland, the "Symbol of their Insubordination." And he built the castle up anew, calling it "Zwing Cöln" from that time onwards. This period of history has been dealt with by Lauff in his

play "Roland von Berlin," and the great Italian composer, Leoncavallo, wrote an opera with the same title "Orlando di Berlino" for my opera house, so greatly did the subject fill him with enthusiasm.

It is instructive to compare the opposite tasks that confronted the two first Electors in the consolidation of their personal power, and thereby that of the State itself, in internal affairs. If the Elector Frederick I had chiefly to fight against the turbulent nobles in the interests of the towns, it fell to the lot of "Irontooth," on the contrary, to set himself against the power of the towns, which were beginning to have a feeling of self consciousness and whose sense of power was not always leading them in the way of Right. So from both sides boundaries were set to prevent the spread of "private interests" at the cost of the "General Interest." The good of the "Whole"—of the "State"—came first; everything else had to be subordinated to that.

But "Irontooth" was also active in the sphere of "social" charity. He founded an Order—the "Order of the Swan" whose insignia was a golden chain, on which was hung a Heart, represented as crushed between instruments of torture, together with a Swan and a picture of the Mother of God surrounded by a cloth. According to its statutes both men and women of noble birth might become members of the Order, if they had "rendered services of particular value in works of Christian charity and mercy," not only in the care of the sick. This was the first secular Order "for social welfare" to exist on German soil, and it was intended to gain for the ruling prince the co-operation of the possessing classes in the alleviation of distress among the poor. It is an absolutely modern conception. Frederick William IV reconstituted the Order, and the Empress Augusta often wore it.

One more historically important point about the Elector Frederick "Irontooth"

remains to be noted. His disinterested iron hand secured the country as much order and peace as was possible and thereby created fresh possibilities of development in many directions. Amidst all the prevailing disorders of the period—the Hussite wars for example—such an achievement was very remarkable.

In 1415 the Elector Frederick I witnessed in Constance the burning of John Huss as a heretic: a black, shameful deed springing from hate-filled religious fanaticism. This event proved that the Church of Rome had not yet grasped the fact that although it is possible to murder the witnesses of truth (my ancestors Admiral Coligny and William of Orange for example), it is never possible to kill truth itself. This monstrous crime flung the door open to a new and violent era, in which there was a mighty clash of minds. The flames of John Huss's pile kindled a mighty fire in Bohemia whose blaze soon swept over the whole Empire. The Emperor

Sigismund, who had broken his word to Huss, leaving the defenceless man to his fate in spite of the letter of safe-conduct he had given him, was forced to call out his armies against the Hussites. But the Hussites, brilliantly led by Ziska and later by Prokop, defeated them. And several of the Electors of Brandenburg had to take part in the Hussite wars.

It was not easy for Frederick "Iron-tooth's" successors to fulfil their duties to their own country and, at the same time, to observe those which they owed to the Empire.

The Renaissance period, which was then setting in, loved to compare the most distinguished personalities of its day with the great figures of classical antiquity by nicknaming them after such classical heroes. So, for example, the Elector Albert was called "Achilles" by his contemporaries, because he was a very warlike prince, who even started a feud with Nuremberg, and captured that city's standard in personal combat. He remarked:

"There is no place where I could die a

more reputable death than in the midst of my enemies."

The Elector John was called "Cicero" on account of his eloquence, the Elector, Joachim I was surnamed "Nestor" because his clever advice was always welcomed in the Council of Princes, and Joachim II was hailed as "Hector" for his bravery.

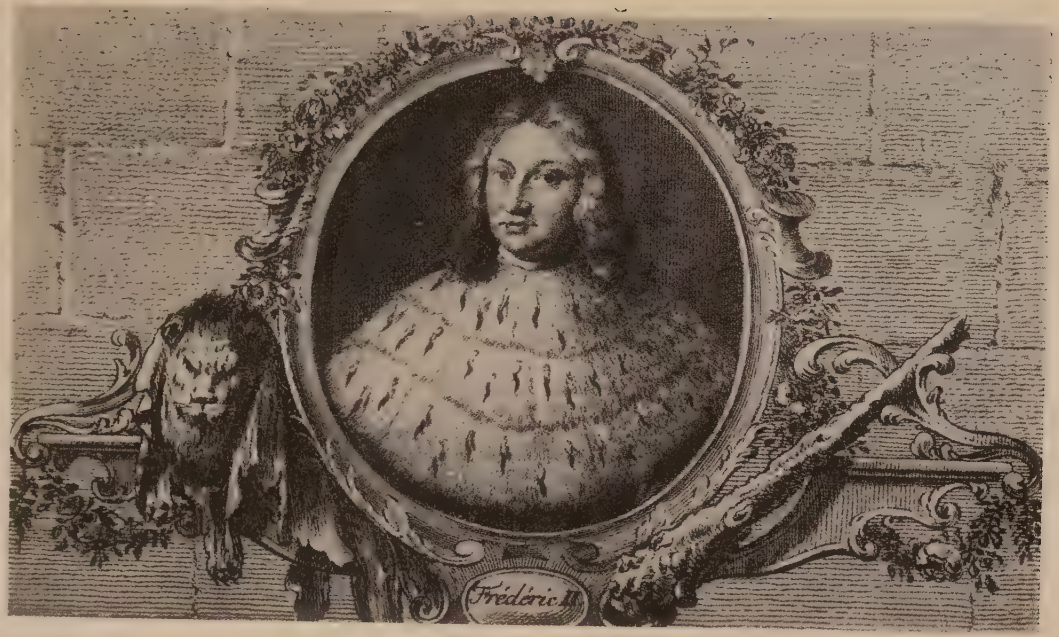
With Joachim II a new period began in the history of my House. The Elector went over to the Evangelical faith, of whose truth from thenceforth till to-day my House has always been the guardian, that the richest blessings might be poured upon the land of Brandenburg.

It is true that the country experienced the most terrible misery during the Thirty Years War, and that it suffered the most frightful and horrible injuries both from the Swedes and from the Imperial troops as well as from the Allies. But it bore this martyrdom bravely, and kept strong in its beliefs. Governed and heartened by Luther's splendid

line "A safe stronghold our God is still," its faith never wavered. In those days they used to sing in Strassburg:—

"Gott ist des Menschen Schutz und Macht,
ein' feste Zitadelle,
Er wacht bei Tage wie bei Nacht, tut Rond'
und Sentinelle.
Christus ist das Wort, Hauptweg und auch
die Port,
Der rechte Korporal, Hauptmann und
General,
Reduit und Corps de Garde!"

FROM THE SUCCESSORS OF FREDERICK "IRONTOOTH" UP TO THE GREAT ELECTOR



THE ELECTOR FREDERICK II
"IRONTOOTH"
From "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la maison de Brandebourg:" 1751.

FROM THE SUCCESSORS OF FREDERICK "IRONTOOTH" UP TO THE GREAT ELECTOR

If the Renaissance was the mighty agent introducing great changes in literature and art, and more especially in the outward lives of men, widening their vision, and giving a powerful impetus to intercourse and commerce through the discovery of a new continent, it was also at the same time the expression of a range of ideas on a newer and higher plane, coming from the sunny Southern shores of the Mediterranean, and animated by the regained knowledge of antiquity. On every side it brought beauty and the cult of beauty, but it was also the cause of a loosening of customs and of views of life. Gobineau had depicted this wonderfully—absorbing figures among the princes, statesmen and men of learning (Macchiavelli).

But opposed to it there came to Germany

from the north another Renaissance, another re-birth in the sphere of the spirit: the great purification and reform of religion by the miner's son and monk, the Professor of Wittenberg, Dr. Martin Luther. The German Bible, the Service of God in German, were presented to the German people. Once more they were allowed to pray to God in their mother-tongue. The Word sounded powerfully in men's hearts and in their consciences. The Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, the Landgrave of Hesse, the northern Kings, and even the ruler of Britain took the side of the great reformer and secured liberty of religion for their people.

Then came the Counter Reformation, which, not being over particular in its methods, soon led the conflict of intellects onto earthly fields of battle, where the decision on the form of the Lord's Supper and other questions had to be fought out with weapons. A great and flourishing country lost everything it had gained for

itself in the realm of culture, and was ravaged, slaughtered, plundered, burnt and laid waste *ad majorem Dei gloriam,* whilst the foreign defenders of the Evangelical faith invaded it with their subsiduaries and harassed it just as badly as the enemy did.

The systematic way in which Sweden, for example, learnt to plunder Germany, was taught me by my visits to the State Museums in Stockholm, Gripsholm and Sko-Kloster, as well as in several old castles. Above all in Sko-Kloster, where the gold and silver drinking-cups, bowls, and table centrepieces stand in rows, cabinet by cabinet, all marked with the names of the plundered towns they were taken from, in rooms containing sets of furniture, which must have been carried off in complete suites. A sight that was to me an affecting and melancholy picture of the high culture to which my Fatherland had attained before the Thirty Years War. Yes, for thirty years people fought and slew with fire and sword on German soil in order—originally—

to impart their conceptions of the true interpretation of the Gospel of Everlasting Love to their opponents. Later on "high" politics took a hand in the game. Gustavus Adolphus, especially, toyed at the back of his mind with the idea of founding a great Swedish Empire at the cost of Germany, and particularly of north German territory.

Brandenburg suffered terribly: her severely afflicted people sank into the deepest misery and endured the most ghastly torments. Her well wishing, good hearted Elector George William, a man of unwarlike nature, attempted in vain to protect his country from the warring powers by means of negotiation—or as it is called to-day "diplomacy." In vain! Diplomacy is only effective when there stands behind it a people in arms ready to give it weight with united will, and the Elector could not arrest Brandenburg's disrupture. A foreign statesman once said to me:

"Such a monstrosity as the Thirty Years

War was only possible in Germany. It is inconceivable in any other country. To knock each other on the head for thirty years for the sake of an idea—for a religious formula is in the end an idea—is something which only the Germans could have done, it would be unthinkable with any other nation. The Germans are the only people who straightway take up theories and principles and endeavour to convert them into practice, without considering their own existence, indifferent as to whether in so doing they compass their own destruction."

And Professor Wilson too was able to stir the Germans at their very roots and to set them on fire simply through the World-apotheosis of an idea. Only, when the Germans had been won over to it, and when they had yielded up every means of self-defence, then there was no more talk of the idea. As soon as the bribed and outwitted people were defenceless, it suddenly changed itself again into crude force.

In this survey of the Era of Intolerance, of which I have been speaking, I must also mention the unhappy dissension in the Protestant Church, which has not yet come to an end. In the Marburg disputation between Calvin and Luther their entirely different views of the true conception of the Lord's Supper, that is, over the right interpretation of the sacramental words of our Lord, created such a split, that the rent became irreparable. " Ist " and " Bedeutet " (" Is " and " Represents ") were the battle cries, and unfortunately Luther allowed himself in the end to be carried away so far as to deny that his opponent was in possession of the pure and true spirit; and in this he was not justified. His " *est, est* " was the cause of much mischief.

If this event, the schism between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches is much to be lamented for itself, it is all the more to be lamented now that—as philology has made clear—we are obliged to say that the dispute between the two great reformers was abso-

lutely beside the point. Neither of them was acquainted with the original Aramaic tongue, which we can now read. Aramaic belongs to the Semitic group of languages and may be regarded as the precursor of the modern Syriac-Arabic. Aramaic therefore has no verbs. And so, since our Lord habitually spoke Aramaic to his disciples he can neither have said "Ist" nor "Bedeutet" but can only have used a substantive. Calvin's general conception of the Lord's Supper as a feast of Remembrance, is also supported by our Lord's words: "Do ye this in remembrance of me," and is absolutely justified.

But the great mistake in the dispute was the pinning of it down to the sacramental words, that is, to their sense, because in so doing the much greater and more potent fact was completely overlooked that our Lord, by means of symbols in palpable earthly form —bread and wine—which men could see with the eyes of their body, was tendering with his hands palpable guarantees that their sins

would be forgiven them. Luther's long monastic life had so attached him to the performance of the Consecration of the Host, that he viewed the "Ist" of it as the main point, forgetting that our Lord, sitting before his disciples in his earthly and human form absolutely contradicted Luther's conception. The main point for us men is neither "Ist" nor "Bedeutet," but the guarantee of the promise: "Your sins are forgiven you!" And I announce this to all members of my House today, that they also may be active, each one according to his powers, in helping to bring to an end the unhappy dissension between the Lutherans and the Reformed Church!

In 1613 the Elector John Sigismund decided to go over to the reformed creed. With this step there first enters into the history of Brandenburg the conception of tolerance, the defence of which by my ancestors is one of their particular claims to glory.

The Thirty Years War made a deep cut in the normal line of development of the State

of Brandenburg, which up till then had been moving outwards, and which was already able to show an important increase of territory in the East, through the acquisition in 1618 of the Duchy of East Prussia under the Suzereignty of Poland, and in the West through the acquisition in 1614 of Jülich, Cleve, Mark and Ravensberg. From 1618 it was known as the Brandenburg-Prussian State.

Everything appeared to be lost and ruined. The work of centuries, that had been begun by the fathers and continued by the sons, seemed to have been in vain. The collapse seemed complete, for the country's strongholds were in the enemies' hands. It was Chaos over again. And it was in these circumstances that the gentle irresolute Elector George William closed his eyes, in 1640, and left the young Electoral-Prince Frederick William an inheritance, which made demands on the barely twenty-year old prince such as a more powerful, more experienced, older and

more hardened statesman might have shrunk from with justification. *De facto,* he had on his succession no country at all, and such limited defensive forces as remained here and there refused to take the oath of allegiance to him. It was only on almost impossible conditions that the King of Poland was induced to leave him the feudal rights and possession of Prussia.

THE GREAT ELECTOR

THE GREAT ELECTOR

It can be said without exaggeration that, on his succession, the Elector Frederick William was confronted by the same state of chaos as his ancestor the Elector Frederick I. Everything had to be built up anew out of the existent ruins, and under the observant control of suspicious enemy states.

But the young Elector was the man for the job.

He had grown up in the Netherlands, in the plain and simple court circle of Frederick Henry of Orange. In the Netherlands he had been able to observe at first hand what an industrious, assiduous diligent people could do. He had been a witness of how this people had revolted against the terrible and unheard of oppression of the Spaniards—an oppression inspired by religious hatred. He had watched it tirelessly take up arms in

defence of its Faith—and thereby also of its political liberty—and seen how, forming itself into a close knit ring under the leadership of the brave Nassauers, and of Frederick Henry of Orange in particular, it had overpowered its enemies and thrown them out of the land. The young Electoral-Prince had been there, on the spot, in the camp of Orange, greatly loved by both officers and men for his cold-blooded bravery, and for his stern austere way of living.

With his own ears, he had heard the Netherlander's glorious prayer of thanksgiving,

> "Wir treten zu beten vor Gott den Gerechten,"

go up to Heaven after victory, and the Wilhelmslied, "Wilhelmus von Nassau bin ich, aus Deutschem Blut." (On my accession to the throne I re-introduced the prayer of thanksgiving and my brave army often sang it during the War. The Wilhelmslied was alway played at the conclusion of

the Divine Services in the Royal Chapel in Berlin as long as I held them there.)

Later on the Elector took as his bride Louisa Henrietta, a daughter of the Prince of Orange. She was a poetess of profound piety. To her we owe the Choral "Jesus, meine Zuversicht."

As has been said, Frederick William, then hardly twenty years old, found chaos whirling before him. To begin with he could not even set foot in his own land! The Imperial troops and the Swedes were scuffling about in it and holding it in their possession. The Western territories on the Rhine were in the hands of the Netherlanders. The Swedes had occupied Pomerania and proposed to keep it. For Prussia he had to take an inconceivably oppressive oath of fealty to Poland, whilst the so-called Brandenburg troops stood for the most part by Austria and did not want to take the oath of allegiance to him. Truly the picture that unfolded itself before the eyes of the beholder was one of the

utmost confusion. What then! What if the Mark had even been full of devils! Treitschke has described the Elector's appearance on the scene very aptly in the following passage:

"With little more than a staff and a sling, a prince without a country, the Elector Frederick William, the greatest German of his day, entered the desolate German life, and animated the slumbering powers of his State with the might of his will. Since then, in the growing Great Power of Germany, the might of the royal will, always conscious of its aim, has never been lost. The Prussian-Brandenburg State is the work of its Princes."

Even on his accession at a very early age the Elector Frederick William is already a conclusive proof of the fact that always, when it comes to the point, the history of a nation is made by an individual—and only by an individual.

As I can clearly explain, the appearance of the Elector Frederick William was a turning

THE ELECTOR GEORGE WILLIAM

From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek Volume III: "Brandenburgische und Preussische Fürstliche Personen"

point in the history of our House as well as in the history of our country.

When a ruler lacks the armed forces to free his fatherland from the oppression of its enemies he is, I grant, compelled to rely on diplomacy alone. The young twenty-year old Elector proved himself such an accomplished diplomat that, by negotiation, he actually succeeded in persuading first the Imperial troops, and then the Swedish robber-hordes, to leave the country. Finally in 1644, four years after his accession, he was able to set foot in his own country, the Mark, and to enter his capital, Berlin, whose inhabitants at that time still numbered only 6,000.

In 1641, in order to acquire his feudal rights over the Duchy of Prussia, the young prince had been obliged to submit to the payment of an inconceivably heavy tribute to Poland and to the obligation to send her troops in time of war. Moreover the nobility of the Duchy were left outside his jurisdiction

through their right of appeal to the Polish crown.

When he studied the almost hopeless situation, one thing was immediately clear to his keen eyes. No matter what the capabilities of a good diplomacy may be it is only Might that can compel the outside world to respect the interests of a country. And the only thing that can provide the ruler of a country with this Might is the Nation itself in arms. So he began to build up the first standing army, which was also to be at his disposal in peace-time to serve as a means of giving weight to his policy and to prepare for any possible future wars. The rebellious commanding-officers were arrested and the mutinous troops relinquished to Austria. With a remaining nucleus of 2,000 men as a foundation he began to build up the Brandenburg army. True, it was still the Commanders who raised the regiments, but the Elector already retained to himself the right of appointing the officers of higher rank and

also the right of inspection, by which he was able to punish incompetent or insubordinate subaltern officers, who were appointed by the commanding-officers themselves.

In the negotiations for the termination of the Thirty Years War, which began in 1645 and lasted three years until the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, the young Elector, then twenty-five years old, again exhibited the tenacious perseverance of an accomplished diplomat, and was now able, through his little band of troops, which had already grown to 8,000 men, to enforce reluctant consideration of his energetically and rightfully put claims. The territory he succeeded in acquiring increased the size of his State by 600 square miles. But it was soon necessary to defend these possessions by force of arms. The World observed the activities of the young and vigorous Prince with envious astonishment and began to express its displeasure. From the Hofburg of Vienna, in particular, jealous eyes were turned

on the energetic Protestant ruler, who had so unhesitatingly expelled from his country the plundering robber-hordes which were the Catholic troops of the Holy Roman Empire. There they were already saying, "This young Brandenburg lord's wings must be clipped or he will fly too high." To the Habsburgs, whose interests were purely dynastic, the picture of a true State such as was in process of construction, was distasteful and incomprehensible.

Then, in 1655, came the war between Sweden and Poland. Equipped and ready, at the Elector's disposal, stood the newly created army of Brandenburg, 20,000 men strong, under brave and devoted leaders. Of necessity he took the side of Sweden, who would otherwise have torn Prussia away from him just as she had grasped Pomerania. The battle took place at Warsaw. For three days the fight raged hot and undecided, until the Elector, coming to the support of the

Swedes with 16,000 Brandenburgers, settled the issue. This was for him an opportunity, not only to display his ability as a leader, but also to give proof of his personal bravery. The fierce onsets of the Polish-Tartar troops of horse, who charged in always renewed assaults against the Elector and his troops, were dashed helplessly to pieces on the extended row of pikes and partisans of his guard of gentlemen at arms (the later Leibkürassieren), and scattered by the calm fire of his musketeers, who stood like a wall round their Elector, in a steadfast square.

With the fiery eyes of an eagle, his flashing sword in his hand, he directed the battle, spurring his Brandenburgers on to the highest achievements—and they won!

The day of Warsaw was a revelation to the Elector's envious observers, to the defeated enemy and to his Swedish confederates. The astonishing fact was established: "Here was a new belligerent power; and it was already the equal of the world-famed Swedish Army."

In the treaties of Labiau and Wehlau the Elector's diplomatic skill succeeded in freeing him from the oppressive feudal suzerainty claimed over Prussia by Sweden and Poland. The peace of Oliva brought final recognition of Prussia's independence by all the Powers.

And so the core of the region, which was later to become the Kingdom of Prussia, was made secure.

The young Elector had successfully raised the Brandenburg-Prussian State to a position of such importance in Europe that from that time onwards it was not only feared but even courted. The Habsburg Emperor had to reckon with its power, more, he needed it, and yet, in spite of all, constantly intrigued in secret against it. At some later date the Elector, weary of Austria's double-dealing, once said to the Imperial Ambassador, "I can be deceived once, but only once." And these double-dealings were not even extinct in 1918.

Nevertheless the Elector fulfilled his duties to the Empire. He lent the Emperor armed assistance in the wars of defence on the Rhine against Louis XIV. Soldiers, Asiatic in kin, were burning, slaying and destroying everything on both sides of the Rhine, on the blessed plains of Alsace and in the Palatinate. When the Elector's well-disciplined troops made Alsace uncomfortable for the marauders, his most Christian Majesty the *Roi-Soleil* set the Elector's old enemies the Swedes on to him in the Mark. But he misjudged the Elector's material resources as much as his will-power and personality. Frederick William gathered his whole cavalry brigade of dragoons together—they were also trained to fight on foot as infantry—and rode off. The foot soldiers were taken on waggons and followed as fast as possible. "It was a rapid ride from the Rhine to the Rhyn; and a fearsome fight, the day of Fehrbellin." Derfflinger understood his chief and all that depended on the game. Rathenow was cap-

tured by a surprise night-attack. The Elector suddenly and unexpectedly appeared in front of the Swede's main body at Fehrbellin and defeated their considerably superior force with his handful of troops so decisively that the power of Sweden in North Germany was broken and banished forever from the Mark, which had suffered so much under its oppression. News of the victory of Fehrbellin spread like wild-fire through the German and neighbouring states. At last a true German warrior hero had appeared again. And the Nation needed a hero. The Alsations were the first in Germany to fête "Great Elector" in song, whilst "his most Christian Majesty" abused "ce maudit Grand-Electeur." The will of a great German, his systematic work alone, had established a new German state *ex fundamentis!* Having gathered his material into his hands he set a world of enemies at defiance, enforced their respect, and smote Sweden, then one of the Great Powers of Europe, so decisively that

her interference in German affairs was set aside for ever. It was not chance, it was not luck, that led to these astounding results, no, nothing but the creative power of a vigorous personality, who had been steeled by a hard youth and the hardest of times, and who was called with justice the "Great Elector."

In so far as he was able he always lent the power of his distinguished personality for the protection of those who were persecuted for their Protestant beliefs. Thus he opened the doors of his State to those French fellow-believers whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes turned out of house and home, and made it possible for them to live in the free enjoyment of their faith in their new home under his protection. So the Great Elector showed how even in times of the greatest ruin, humiliation, and collapse, a steadfast and energetic prince may be able, with the help of God, to accomplish great things. True to his motto: *Domine fac me scire, viam quam*

amulem he too was "a simple Bailiff of God in his Principality."

The figure of the Great Elector has proved a fruitful source of poetry. Kleist portrays him in "Prinzen von Homburg," Wildenbruch in his play "Der Neue Herr." Contemporary artists covered the walls of the Palace at Potsdam with powerful allegories, and Fritz Rober of Düsseldorf painted the Elector in the attitude of riding sorrowfully through the devastated villages of the Mark. The battle of Fehrbellin, the Elector at the head of his dragoons, have given rise to many widespread traditions and much-used themes.

KING FREDERICK I

KING FREDERICK I

SELDOM indeed has there been a greater difference between father and son, at all events as far as outward appearances are concerned, than between the Great Elector and his son, the Elector Frederick III—the later King Frederick I (the Great Elector was just a little above middle height). In comparison with the powerful figure of his father, the son, the child of Louisa Henrietta, was of small elegant build and delicate health, whilst, in contrast with him, the Markgraves of Schwedt—sons of the Great Elector's second marriage—abounded in health and audacity. History and tradition, dwelling chiefly on the brilliance of his court with its pomp and ceremonial functions has, with superficial judgment, curtly branded him with the nickname of "The Ostentatious." This is not fair to the man. He was filled with a high sense of

the commanding position his father had won for the State of Brandenburg-Prussia in battle, and decided to invest it in the eyes of the outside world with the dignity that was its due.

After tedious negotiation with reluctant Vienna his tenacity and perseverance finally won recognition of the royal dignity he was to apply to himself. The coronation, which was consummated in Königsberg with great pomp and ceremony, permitted him to assume the title of "King in Prussia." He now felt it his duty to endow his newly-won crown with all the magnificent pageantry that the princes of his time considered necessary to associate with the representation of their dignity. In order to make it quite plain that he was king "in his own right and authority" he did not allow himself to be crowned by the Church, but took the crown from the altar of God and placed it on his head with his own hands, as "by the Grace of God." He regarded it as having been received from

God, before Whom he would one day be called to render an account of his stewardship.

This same high responsibility was stressed by my grandfather, in performing the same act at his coronation in Königsberg. It was to be looked upon as a symbolical act, showing that the royal dignity was assumed as the incorruptible, highest office of the Almighty, to Whom it was responsible. This conception is—in the form of hereditary Kingship—as old as the world. In the traditions of the oldest kingdoms of Mesopotamia, as in the Vedas and Upanishads of Ancient India, the same idea is to be found, of the Supreme Defender of Right and Order responsible for everything to God.

It is true that the prestige of the royal dignity—necessary according to the notions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—cost a great deal of money and laid heavy burdens on the country which could and ought to have been avoided by less heavy and in part unessential expenditure. It was just

the custom of the period that was followed. Later on things were managed more economically.

King Frederick I continued the care of the army with prudence and energy after the example of his father. The Great Elector had retained the right of appointing the regimental-commanders and officers of higher rank, and now Frederick I took an important step further forward by ruling that all officers should receive their commissions from him, and that thenceforth their careers —promotions and discharge—were to be determined by him. Here the fundamental idea was to gain complete control of the army as the most important instrument of power, and to render the appointments in it absolutely free from preference and favour, through the very constitution of the nominating authority. The King also introduced uniformity into the dress of the troops in the different arms of the Service, infantry, light and heavy cavalry and artillery.

THE GREAT ELECTOR FREDERICK WILLIAM

From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek
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And in the same way he laid down regulations for the emblems to be borne on the banners and standards (his monogram in their corners), allowing the armorial colours of the commanders to stand in the fields of the banners, but presenting the first company of each regiment with a white standard bearing his own coat of arms. Regimental rolls and lists of officers were introduced, and so it was the "Ostentatious" who was the creator of that far-famed, much slandered and absolutely misunderstood institution, the Prussian Corps of Officers, which became a model for the whole world, and whose deeds and achievements the annals of military history show to be unsurpassed. The trainers of the army in peace—from 1818 a conscripted army—its leaders in war, the Prussian officers were dependent on their kings alone, and they helped them with tireless, selfless, obedient devotion to create first Prussia and then Germany. The Kantian "Categorical Imperative of Duty," the

Prussian Kings' rule of conduct, ruled also as the supreme law in the minds of their officers, rendering them capable of unstinting sacrifice of their lives and property for the sake of their Fatherland, for its welfare, its laws, its establishments and its traditions, and enabling them, at the same time, to imbue their troops with a like spirit. King Frederick I was thus the creator of Prussia's model and incomparable Corps of Officers.

He left an outward sign of his new royal dignity by the foundation of the "High Order of the Black Eagle," choosing orange as the colour of its ribbon in remembrance of his mother, Louisa Henrietta of Orange, and as a lasting memorial to the house of Nassau-Orange with which by this time there was a strong bond of family relationship. His dazzling, lively and clever consort, Queen Sophia Charlotte, began the line of Prussian Queens most worthily. She knew how to attract into her circle the wittiest and most distinguished minds. I will mention only

one of the names that shone forth from this circle—Leibnitz—a man who grew to be a scholar of such world renown that he attracted the attention of everybody's eyes and above all those of the powerful Tsar, Peter the Great.

On the occasion of the latter's visit to Berlin, or perhaps at some later date, there occurred the following incident, which I learnt from Professor Harnack. The Tsar, whose mind was full of far-reaching plans and enterprises for extending the power and boundaries of his Muscovite Empire, was seized with the idea of annexing, not only Siberia, but also all the land up to the Pacific Ocean. Because of the immense difficulties of transport and lack of travel facilities in those days, however, the Tsar's project caused great concern and even opposition among his councillors. In order to get a clear view of the matter, and to remove all doubt from his mind, Peter addressed himself to Leibnitz with the question as to whether he considered

it advisable, and also possible, for the Eastern boundary of the Muscovite Empire to be pushed forward to the Pacific. Whereupon the great—as we call him to-day—geo-politician, answered the Tsar: "It is your Majesty's absolute duty and obligation to your Empire to attain the coasts of the Great Ocean even if your Majesty has to travel there in a dog sledge!" This advice was the starting-point of the extension of the Muscovite Empire up to the realms of the Far East, and it was due to a famous scholar in the circle surrounding Prussia's first Queen. Yet another proof, that it is only great individual minds, conscious of their aims, that influence and direct the history of Nations—never the masses.

In the West, too, on the Rhine, we see Frederick I performing his duty to the Empire. With his valiant troops he defeated the French intruders and incendiaries in battle at Bonn and drove them out of the country.

At the beginning of his reign the young ruler had to overcome somewhat difficult conditions in his own House. The court attendants and people of the Great Elector's widow harboured malicious schemes for changing the succession in favour of her own sons, and even hatched plans against Frederick's life. With great tact and chivalrous behaviour, united to firm intention, he succeeded in bringing about a compromise with his step-mother, deeply impressing her by the sacrifices he made in her favour. This was a blessing both to the country and to his House, for he made sure of her gratitude and at the same time put an end for ever to all the evil rumours. This episode is handled in one of Putlitz's plays "Das Testament des Grossen Kurfürsten."

I think I have done enough to show that Frederick I's services fully entitle him to a place among the leading intellects of our House. The elevation of Brandenburg and Prussia to a kingdom and the laying of the

foundations of the Prussian Corps of Officers are two great achievements, which should not be forgotten. They thrust his liking for pomp and magnificent display into the background as a weakness.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I

FREDERICK WILLIAM I

THE Great Elector had consolidated the foundations of his State and created a defensive force for its protection. His son had elevated the State of Brandenburg-Prussia into a kingdom and thereby gained for his country the external position and consideration which was its due and which it had a right to claim.

With Frederick William I there came to the throne a man who was both a father and a tutor to his country, and one who had decided to instil into his people the idea of "work," that is of personal achievement for the sake of the "Whole,"—State and Home—and to develop it to its fullest extent. Work and activity in union with God. He who did not co-operate—as much in prayer and praise as in work—he who showed himself a laggard in office or whose performance did not come up to the mark of the work he had to do,

incurred the anger of the royal father and often felt his stick. The magnificent court-dresses vanished, the courtiers' gold and silver trimmed coats made way for the simple uniforms of the officers. "Prussian drill" was born: a rigorous discipline began to make itself felt in the Army, among the people and in Society.

The strong-willed monarch laid a severe restraint on his House and country, particularly in matters of simplicity and economy in standards of life. Strong emphasis on the religious basis of life was, again with Frederick William I, a characteristic trait, corresponding to his ancestor's watchword—the wish to be "God's simple Bailiff in His Principality." His personal piety and sense of being bound in obligation to God—to Whom he felt himself responsible both for the maintenance of religion, and for the further development of his country—filled the King with a strong conviction that his orders, in no matter what department of life, were to be

implicitly obeyed. Whoever made evasions or was refractory or disobedient—in the King's opinion—was pitilessly broken, yes, he did not even hesitate to make use of the executioner's axe. His rage could be terrible. Because he himself always acted at bottom with the highest motives, he looked upon resistance or disobedience as an insult to Heaven as well as to himself. If he could not convince a man he broke him. This attitude must necessarily have occasioned many bitter hours and conflicts, especially in the family circle. A pietism that was not altogether sound began to show itself at that time. The Faith in its sublime simplicity as Our Lord exemplified it to us, became overgrown with far too many theological and scriptural minutiæ as well as with sentimentality. Its forms ossified; and much superficiality crept in, by which those who felt differently were repelled. Household prayers are good and necessary when the members of the household hold the same beliefs as its

master and join together in the morning of their own free will to gain strength for the labours of the day through a short Bible-reading. But when we read the descriptions of the family Services and hours spent in prayer and devotion—especially the descriptions of those in his own circle, which the King held altogether too often—we are left with the feeling that his intended purpose could not always have been effected. At all events it was not effected as far as his eldest son was concerned. Here there begins to develop the drama which the King had to live to see played out in his own House, and the acts of which were to cause him so many bitter hours in the midst of the vast work he was accomplishing for his people and country. For although the King's personal piety was in fact fundamentally genuine, it was continually being neutralised or absolutely forced out of sight by his self-will and paroxysms of rage. It thus often appeared to be mere hypocrisy, and the son saw nothing

but a pretence and an unrighteous bigotry, which his clear-seeing mind refused to have anything to do with.

Already in the youthful Crown Prince were germinating those seeds of the new era which he was later called upon to introduce, and which was of necessity bound to come into conflict with the epoch at the close of which his father stood—and all the more so the closer the latter represented his times and attempted to protect what he had implanted in Prussia as needful and believed to be endangered by his differently inclined son. The King was deeply permeated with a sense of his mission, his duty as a ruler to his people and country. He looked upon it as a mission given him by God for the completion of which —under responsibility to God—he had to put everything at stake and break down all opposition. Hence he was animated by the single thought "Fritz must be just like me." A superhuman demand. No son can be exactly like his father, as the line of our ancestors

shows us. Each one is the child of his time. The heir to the throne can be so educated that —without departing from the great and general line of tradition set by his father and forefathers—he may be able to bring the preferences of his own age into harmony with those of the previous one, and to blend them together, breathing new life into time-honoured institutions, and developing them, even if in doing so he makes use of different methods. If such is the case he will be a blessing to his House and to his State. But if the heir to the throne sets more store by the detrimental accessory phenomena of the so-called new, or truly new age, and attempts to give effect to them without consideration for the established customs of his House, or in opposition to his reigning father, and if, in addition, he is badly advised, he may then very well become a danger to his country.

The young Crown Prince's open mind, quick comprehension, and warm enthusiasm for everything beautiful and grand in life,

literature, art and science, soon taught him to recognise the barriers which his father was everywhere setting up; and he attempted to surmount them or to pull them down. To the King, passionately attached to untiring performance in creative activities and work for the good of the State, such things as music, poetry, etc., seemed to be nothing but "allotria" (things far removed from the main purpose) and waste of time, unworthy of a prince. That they beautify the working life, invigorate and strengthen the tired mind in leisure hours, remained hidden from him. Since he had no need for them neither ought the Crown Prince to need them. Where Frederick William I had recourse to hunting and to unceremonious smoking parties—his "Tobacco Parliament"—as a relaxation from the day's toil and work, young Fritz consoled himself with poems and sonnets, and with airs on his beloved flute, over the wrongs he often had to suffer from his unjustifiably enraged father.

The King inflicted fearful sufferings on the Crown Prince and the intolerant severity and boundless tyranny with which he endeavoured to curb him may well have extinguished many a hopeful spark. This conflict between father and son was unfortunately not confined to the family circle. It soon became a matter of public knowledge. On journeys made in the company of the King the Crown Prince was often subjected to humiliating treatment *coram publico*. Especially when the King feared that the brilliant and frequently loose life of other courts, particularly that of Dresden, might have a detrimental influence on his son. It is true that Augustus the Strong's display of magnificence and the brilliance of the feminine world there made a lasting impression on the Crown Prince, and warmed and inflamed his youthful heart; he would not have been a man, at any rate not the man he was, if he had not been filled with the sublime spirit breathed into him; but, with all that, his clear-sighted

KING FREDERICK I
From Joh. von Besser's "Preussische Königsgeschichte" 1702

vision penetrated deeper and discovered evils, that remained hidden from others. And he made his mental notes for later use. In the end the tyranny of the King drove the much plagued Crown Prince, who had gradually been forced into a state of general opposition, to a despairing attempt at flight. It miscarried. It cost his rash friend his head and brought him imprisonment in Küstrin.

The King flew into a downright frenzy. He threatened to have his son executed. "Disobedience" was the worst of crimes. Firstly that of the son to the father, secondly that of the officer to his superior. The King had to endure many sharp words as, for example, at the court martial when he held fast to the passing of the death sentence and General von Buddenbrock sprang up and shouted out "If your Majesty is absolutely decided on blood take mine, for as long as I live your Majesty shall not take his." This difficult time in Küstrin gave father and son leisure for thought and ended in reconcilia-

tion. The King recognised that by such means he could neither compel the Prince to become, nor metamorphose him into, a personality just like his own, and the Crown Prince began to appreciate what great moral motives lay behind his father's passionate tyranny and to be imbued, if not with love, at least with respect. This feeling must have been deepened in the Crown Prince when, at the King's command, he entered the Civil Service and gained a knowledge of the business of administration, especially that of the royal domains. In the course of time a body of officials had grown up who dedicated the whole of their working ability to the welfare of the State, following the will and example of the King in industriousness, devotion to duty and economical management. So Frederick became acquainted with, and learnt to prize, this magnificent instrument that his father had created. Its creator must be worth something even if he made the greatest mistakes in other directions! Through meticulous

selection, King Frederick William I had gradually provided himself with a body of men completely devoted to his will and completely filled with their mission for the good of the "Whole," of the State; men who dedicated all their powers to their work, not for the sake of the reward—they were poorly paid—but simply that the King's plans might be carried out, and his orders transformed into deeds. In serving him, they served the welfare of the whole country. It was the finest achievement in the practical realisation of the "objective State-Authority"—personified in the King, and standing above all interests. And so Frederick William I was the creator of the famous Prussian Civil Service—a body of honourable, industrious, assiduous, incorruptible men—an institution such as did not stand at the disposal of any of his contemporary fellow sovereigns, which became a model for the whole world, and remained unsurpassed. Prussia's Corps of Officers and Civil Service were unique in the

world and they were called into being by the creative will of her Kings. Rising high in their vocation, they became, through the King's confidence, the King's guides and leaders.

As with most Germans even to-day Foreign politics did not appeal to the King. Even then, as in our own day, they were bound up with hypocrisy, lies, cant, and intrigues. Such things were repugnant to the King's honest, straightforward, truthful nature. He disdained to employ such methods; and not being in a position to see the hidden threads often became enmeshed. Above all the intrigues cunningly insinuated themselves into the discord between father and son, using the latter for their purposes against the former. When from time to time the King became aware of such activities, his temper got the better of him and it was his son who felt it.

How far the Queen Sophia Dorothea used to take her son's part in these troubles is hard

to determine, but he certainly often used to pour out his overburdened heart to her. Her marriage with the King was a happy one and was blessed by a numerous troop of children, but she too, had, without doubt, a great deal to suffer from the character of her self-willed husband, though he remained nevertheless very much attached to her.

The best known representatives of these political intrigues in Frederick William I's court were Seckendorf and Grumbkow, whose names are still remembered to-day, owing to their taint with this dubious honour.

In his army, too, the King maintained among both officers and men, stern regulations and iron discipline, with inexorable severity; forging for his son by strenuous work in peace time—by "Prussian drill"—that splendid and formidable weapon with which the latter was able to bid victorious defiance to a world of enemies.

The King moreover was not absolutely unfriendly to the Arts. He was even

a practising "artist." During his attacks of gout he used to fight pain and evil humour by drawing portraits. Now it would be his "Tall soldiers," now other models that he chose. The results of these efforts, *in tormentis pinxit,* are more original than beautiful. Examples of this royal art hang in the palace in Potsdam, and elsewhere; in the castle of the Bentincks, Middachten bei Arnheim, for example, which he more than once visited when making journeys to the Netherlands for purposes of study. He used to set out on these journeys from the Castle of Mojland which lay near the Dutch border. On one such excursion the King—incognito, and disguised as a merchant—attended Divine Service on Sunday in Amsterdam, and happened to sit down next to a tremendously rich and important Dutch merchant. When the sexton was to be seen in the distance handing round the collection-plate the Amsterdamer pulled out his purse and placed a gulden upright on the pew,

whereupon the King put down two, the Amsterdam three, and so on until the whole pew was covered. In due course the sexton, speechless with astonishment at this absolutely unusual munificence on the part of the Amsterdamer, who was known to him as a skinflint, held out the plate to him, the latter swept his piles of guldens insolently into it: but when the disconcerted man presented the plate to the King—expecting a like blessing—the King picked up one gulden and put it in the plate, and swept back all the rest into his purse. This anecdote, however, is also told of Peter the Great.

To recapitulate: King Frederick William I taught his son, his officials, and the Prussian nation to "work," that is, he taught them that it was men's duty to give the best performance of which they were bodily and mentally capable for the good of the "Whole," of the State, of the Fatherland; whilst, as sovereign, he provided his subjects with the fullest possibility of accomplishing their

achievements unhindered, through the protection of the "objective State-Authority" which he had perfected in practice. He drew up the Budget himself personally, paying the most scrupulous attention to every item and taking strict care that each one was observed. It may be said that he managed Prussia like a landed estate. In doing so he often met with opposition, but he understood how to establish his will as a "Rocher de Bronce" on the East Prussian nobility. The written instructions he prepared for his son contain character sketches of the nobles in the different parts of the country. They show that he had a good knowledge of human nature and are extremely delightful to read. He maintained Peace, but it was nevertheless he who wrote that everlastingly true sentence: "When you have anything to decide in this world the pen alone will not do it. It must be supported by the sharp edge of the sword."

FREDERICK THE GREAT

People and public officials were now trained to economy and to work, the army was disciplined and "drilled," the Treasury was full. The tool lay ready to the hand of the coming ruler, and was waiting for the mind which would know how to take it up and employ it in living action. And the ruler came, well prepared, charged with youthful impetuosity and fire, fully decided to place his country in its rightful position. Making full use of the inheritance his father had left him in faultless condition, the young King Frederick II set himself to his work, in relation to which he felt himself and called himself, with justification, the "First Servant of the State;" thus symbolically expressing that he looked upon governing as a profession to which he had been brought up and educated; in which he was called upon to perform deeds of unusual brilliance, and to consummate the

highest achievements. The rule of the Zollerns organically developed itself into a vocation in an elevated sense, parallel with the organic increase in prosperity of their people and country, as the result of a social precept peculiar to the East Germans. The noblest flower of this genus of rulers "by vocation," so deeply rooted in the land of Brandenburg-Prussia, blossomed in the person of Frederick, whom his contemporaries called the "Great" even in his lifetime. From the very beginning Frederick was completely filled with a sense of the importance of his position as King of Prussia, but at the same time he was fully aware of his high responsibility—a responsibility which he bore alone and would share with no one—and also of his duties to his people and country. To them he dedicated all his thoughts and endeavours, all his being, and all his vital powers up to the day of his death. He took part in the development of the country on every side, invigorating and stimulating everything with his own

profound opinions, plans and will. He had no use for unsolicited advice, as the little scene with old Dessauer showed, but wherever he found industriousness, reliability, and understanding of his aims he laid hold of these forces, and immediately, and unconditionally, utilised them for the benefit of the State. The powerful impetus of his vigorous, commanding mind swept his subordinates along with him and spurred them on to the highest achievements. The King knew his way about everywhere because he saw and controlled everything, and, if he did not spare his praise, he was at the same time hard on negligence, and annihilating in his criticism of faults.

He wanted the very best for the Prussian nation; therefore he demanded from his fellow workers, as from himself, the giving of their very best. There was no department in the internal administration of the State that he did not closely study, gain a complete knowledge of, and invigorate and develop with new and practical ideas. Here is an ex-

ample; on a visit to a country district, Frederick personally sketched the plan for the drainage of the Warthe-Netze Marsh on the back of a picture with a piece of chalk. When I inspected the extensive crown lands of Schmolsin in Pomerania, under the guidance of that excellent head-forester, Kramer, I noticed a great trench winding its way through the meadows. The forester informed me that the great King had personally selected the line of this trench, which fulfilled the double purpose of draining wet spots and watering dry ones at the same time. Modern technique could contrive nothing better.

The King had a great genius for politics, a very rare phenomenon among the Germans, to whom even at the present time this gift is for the most part denied. Frederick conducted his political plans coolly, decidedly, and ruthlessly, *ad majorem Borussiæ gloriam.* When it was necessary to use arms in order to accomplish them he took to war,

and to his incomparable Prussian army, whose colours flew the "Frederick" eagle over the proud motto *nec sole cedit.* With astonishment and envious admiration the European Powers observed the King's brilliant leadership in a succession of wars in which he himself had to lay the strategical plans and to make the choice of tactics; and in which he led his regiments personally into battle. The history of the regiment "von Meyrink" relates how, during the advance on Leuthen, Frederick more than once, in person, directed the young ensign in command of the head of the column in échelon, towards the objective, in spite of the enemy bullets whistling from it. After Hochkirch the army, much weakened through heavy losses, drew off under the King's immediate command in strict order, as though on the barrack square. As a result, the Austrian's victory was worth nothing to them because they did not dare to follow it up.

At Zorndorf Frederick leaped from his

horse, drew his sword and—snatching the flag out of the hands of the ensign marching at his side—led the regiment "von Bülow," which was in reserve, against the enemy's fire, personally inspiring the wavering ranks of the first line with fresh courage. He became closely bound up with his soldiers and even defeat could not shake their confidence in their "Father Fritz." His victories of Leuthen, and particularly of Rossbach, were greeted with jubilation, and were celebrated in song throughout Germany. They used to sing:—

> Old Fritz need only to come to-day
> And beat them on their trousers
> The Imperial Army runs away
> The French and Austrian-Pandours.

At last—for the first time since the Great Elector—another German champion had appeared, and he taught Germany's hereditary enemy to refrain from the slightest insolence with her. At last there was a sense of

THE SOLDIER KING FREDERICK WILLIAM I
From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek
Volume III: "Brandenburgische und Preussische Fürstliche Personen"

national feeling again, the Great King belonged not only to the Prussians, but to the whole body of the German nation.

The great King used to test the tactical schemes he intended to employ in the field on the ground of what is now the army exercise ground in Doberitz. He had the sham-enemy led by a General, whilst he personally commanded the other side. The King would attack first, and then in turn act on the defensive, while the General attacked him. In remembrance of this I had a memorial stone set up to the great trainer and instructor of the Prussian army.

Frederick possessed a fine streak of sarcasm mingled with humour. Referring to his opponent, the sorrowful chief of the so-called "Imperial Army," which fought as an ally to the French, and numbered contingents from all the South German Princes, the King said: "The Prince of Hildburghausen I take to be something more than a fool!"

When, just before the battle of Leuthen,

an officer applied for leave to visit his mother, who had been greatly upset by the death of her husband, the King wrote on the application: "Yes, the application is granted, I give him leave. For is it not written "Honour thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land. . . ." And underlined it.

When a parson petitioned the King for a carriage because his parish was so large, the King answered, "It is written 'Go ye forth into all the world,' etc., not 'drive there.'"

During the difficult war years the King's lands suffered terribly, but his subjects never thought of withholding their trust or obedience; not even when the enemy actually stood in Berlin. Even in those days, full of danger and threatening clouds, a song was current in the country of Prussia: "Fridericus Rex, our King and Hero, for you we will beat the Devil out of the World." With this song, army and people unceasingly recognised the solitary, towering figure of Frederick,whose sovereign presence was capable

of directing the history of his people, and did so in a determined way.

A relaxation, a giving of itself up to spiritual things, was naturally a necessity to this ardent mind, as to every lofty-minded genius burdened with heavy daily work. Literature, poetry, the plastic arts, were all acceptable to Frederick. Sonnets, poems, literature of all sorts, offered his many-sided intellect suitable ground where he could cultivate his ideas and take pleasure in the resulting harvest.

But the King did not confine himself to solitary relaxation in these spheres. On the principal of "Pleasure shared is pleasure doubled," he attracted men of great intellect from all parts in order to exchange ideas with them. France, in particular, sent an important contingent of such men. The scintillating French mind, vibrating with the new ideas of the time made a particular appeal to Frederick. The language of Racine, Corneille, Bonnet, and of other great French geniuses—not to mention Voltaire—played a

leading rôle in Germany at that period. It attracted the King more than German. He felt himself at home in it. It was for him the vehicle of beautiful thoughts and of witty "aperçus," it permitted him to employ the most delicate refinements of expression and style, which he was not able to find in the unkindly treated German speech, and it allowed great heights of phantasy to be attained, for its vocabulary seemed to be limitless. And so "Sanssouci" was filled with the French spirit and echoed with French talk and verses. The King's friendship with Voltaire is well known, a topic that has been much handled. The Frenchman gave his royal friend and Mæcenas small thanks for it and in the end betrayed him, an occurrence that led Frederick to make the contemptuous remark: "On suce une orange et puis on la jette." If the King could so think and speak, thereby showing that in his innermost being he was not under the sway of Voltaire's magic or of the French spirit, his preference for

French thought, ways and customs, concealed a great danger, if not to him personally, at all events to his people. There is an irresistible law of civilisation that the penetration of unfamiliar things of culture from foreign circles of culture into some other circle whose organic development has been entirely different, works with a harmful effect on the latter. This was the case in the further development of Prussia. To sum it up briefly, Voltaire and French thought could not do any harm to Frederick himself, who, although he was their great admirer, always remained the Prussian King. But they influenced the opinions, feelings, mental attitudes and customs of his people in such a way that Prussia —the work of Frederick and his father—was catastrophically endangered. The French outlook on life, conducts of life and lightness of life, were too attractive to the higher ranks of society—Frederick's nephew at their head. These others did not possess Frederick's mental balance and power of self-mastery to

protect them against effeminacy, which even penetrated to the core of the army and resulted in decadence and defeat. The sorrowful outcome was Jena, 1806-07, and the seed of that disaster was sown under Frederick himself, although he was unconscious of it. This friendship held no blessings for Prussia.

Strangely enough another of Frederick's friendships has been almost entirely overlooked by history, or only very superficially treated. It has never been handled as thoroughly as it will have to be, though it was without doubt spiritually deeper, purer, more constant, and more personally productive than that with the Frenchman. I mean the genuine friendship which bound the great King to the Scottish Earl Marishal Keith and his brother the Field-Marshal. It has only really become known to the nation quite recently through the splendidly acted scenes between Keith and the King in the film "Der alte Fritz" ("Old Fritz"). The Earl Mari-

shal had been banished from Scotland and had been in foreign service in Spain and Italy, his brother also in Russia. On his way home after an unsuccessful attempt to visit his brother in the Russian service the Earl Marishal was received by Frederick, who took a liking to him. When General Keith changed the Russian for the Prussian service, and was promoted Field-Marshal, Frederick invited the Earl Marishal through him to exchange "his southern dwelling-place for the Sparta of Prussia." The noble lord accepted—He said "that just as his brother had left the icy regions of Russia for his sake so he too would sever himself from his southern sun." The two Scotsmen were welcome daily guests at Frederick's table.

Being distinguished in mind and learning, and of wide experience in the world, they were able to enjoy the confidence of their royal friend, who held them in particular esteem on account of the refinement of their

ways of life which a varied culture had rendered serene and elegant. They were firm in the saddle in military and æsthetic subjects alike. Such was the confidence of the King that, in 1751, he appointed the Earl Marishal his ambassador in Paris. He held this post for three years and was able to render the King valuable services there, as is brought out in the following words in a letter from the King. "My dear lord, it is difficult to find such a happy mixture of heart, head and learning as in you. All the more natural then is my high esteem for you, and this conviction makes me your faithful friend for ever."

From 1754–63 the Earl Marishal was Governor of Neuchâtel and later on he was again in Spain, still in the diplomatic service of the King.

A visit to Scotland did not bring him the satisfaction he desired and in 1765, after Frederick had written to him, "Summer or winter, night or day, in all seasons, all

weather, all hours, you will be received here with open arms by your faithful friend," the seventy-year old man returned to Potsdam. In order to keep his old friend near him the King built him a house, after his own designs, at the foot of the rise on which his own beloved Sanssouci lay. It was occupied by the Earl Marishal from 1766. Here Lord Keith passed the last twelve years of his roving life, in unswerving faith and gratitude to his royal patron, and highly honoured by everyone as the "King's friend." When creeping old age no longer permitted the Earl Marishal to make the daily ascent of the Terraces at Sanssouci to sit at table with his royal friend, the latter often dined with him in the New Palace, or in the nearby Chinese pavilion, to which the grey old lord could either be driven or carried. And Frederick often used to visit "his dear neighbour 'ant'," as he called the Earl Marishal—and to accompany him on his airings in the Park, walking alongside his bath-chair, so indispensable to the lonely

King had the exchange of ideas with the cultivated, distinguished, stimulating Scotsman become.

When Frederick was obliged to take the field once more, in the Bavarian War of Succession, the bitter hour of parting from his faithful friend had struck. As they gripped hands for the last time, the thought must have stolen upon both the King and the Earl that the parting was to be the final one on this side of the grave, that a reunion was improbable here below. It must have been bitterly hard for the lonely King to lose this friend as well and his sorrowful "Adieu, mon cher ami" must have been answered by a no less deeply moved, "Fare Well." On May 25th, 1778, the Earl Marishal closed his shrewd faithful eyes. The news of his death plunged his royal friend into deep grief.

Both brothers were faithful to the King unto death. For the Field-Marshal, an able leader of his sovereign's army, sealed his loyalty with his blood, when he was snatched

away by a deadly bullet in the unhappy night of Hochkirch.

I have intentionally dealt with this episode in the great King's life at some length because tradition and popular historical writings have treated it neglectfully in favour of his friendship with the Frenchmen, Voltaire especially. Delight was taken in picturing the King in witty exchange of ideas with the Frenchmen, in verbal battles, in which the "aperçus," the "bon mots," and the cleverly polished, telling judgments flew about without effort. But that was all an ingenious display of mental fireworks. If the friendship with Keith is regarded as an antithesis, it is very quickly apparent which of the two was the most valuable, which it was that gave Frederick the most spiritual satisfaction, that strengthened him and cheered him in his loneliness. If behind Earl Marishal Keith there had stood an Anglo-Saxon intellectual movement, as important, as conscious of its purpose, and as transforming of the age as

that of the French encyclopædists, then quite a different, more peaceful, more beneficial movement, responding more to German ways of life, would have occurred in Prussia. The sound English sense of reality, while paying respect to already existing nationally developed institutions, would have conducted the stream of ideas flowing from France into sounder channels, would have dammed them in with flood gates and made them harmless. The consequence of Voltaire and the encyclopædists in Prussia was Jena. That would not have been the result of Earl Marishal Keith. Both Keiths were knights of the highest Prussian order, the Order of the Black Eagle.

Here we must make mention of another true friend. The King's favourite instrument, his beloved flute, must be remembered. How often did he unburden his soul to it and give expression to trouble, torment, pain, and joy through its soft melodies, during the increasing loneliness that was the accompaniment of his increasing greatness! The charm-

ing compositions for the flute that the great King left behind him are very numerous. It was not only soft tones, however, that welled from his high-soaring musical soul, for his army had to thank him for the Old Prussian March. The "Mollwitzer," and above all the "Hohenfriedberger," the most powerful song of victory of any conquering king and general (even to-day it makes Prussian hearts beat faster) came from the beloved flute. The latter was instrumentalised and became the exclusive march past of his Bayreuth Dragoons (eventually the "Königin Kürassiere") whose brilliant attack at Hohenfriedberg threw the Austrian squares over in heaps so thoroughly, that the regiment was permitted to march past the bare-headed king and his troops with the sixty-six flags and standards it had brought back from the attack. In Lauff's "Grossen König," in which the most real thing for me is that Frederick only speaks words that he actually wrote or spoke in real life, the incidental music was

collected exclusively from the King's compositions. They were entirely unknown to the audiences and filled them with delight.

This great connoisseur of the arts also dedicated himself to architecture, and showed what a brilliant taste and what grand conceptions he possessed. "Sanssouci," a pearl of rococo, still breathes the inspiration of his spirit. The New Palace on the other hand is considered by many to be the most powerful and distinguished architectural monument of his period, without rival in the world. The way in which the great King there understood how to use the rococo as a cabinet specimen in "the Grand Style" and to finish off the building and complete it down to the smallest detail has certainly not been imitated by any monarch on earth. Frederick had a great liking for pale rose and cherry colour and especially for pale blue and silver, an effect which cannot be excelled in refinement. This setting together of blue and silver is found only with us, and for the most part in the

King's private apartments in Potsdam and Berlin. When, in the last big Paris exhibition before the War, I exhibited exact reproductions of the royal apartments decorated with works of the best French masters such as Pater, Watteau and Lancret, purchased by Frederick, the French visitors were astonished at the combination of silver and blue. It was unknown in France, and they did me the honour of attributing it to my invention. When I learnt that I contradicted it and explained that it was my great ancestor who was responsible for this magnificent creation of a distinctive colour harmony, and it was a gratification and a pleasure to me to be able to introduce it for the first time to the connoisseur-eye of the artistic French nation.

The King also devoted his artistic interest to the theatre and helped to bring acting, diction, and music to a high level. So the "Great King," knowing how to turn his hand to everything, understood how to make his

effect felt by stimulating, promoting and animating in all departments of politics, of administration, of science and of art. A very great personality, alone on a wide field, thrown absolutely on his own resources; placed entirely on his own responsibility as "the first Servant of the State" before his God.

There has been much dispute and speculation over Frederick's religious ideas; as to whether he really had any religion, or was only a philosopher (the philosopher of Sans-souci), or a complete atheist. To my mind such controversies are only idle, petty attempts at unriddling. Of people who make bold to lay down and plant opinions on these matters in the world, no one asks what their own views in this respect really are, and so ought we to treat Frederick the Great. I ask every tolerably sensible person "Is it really thinkable that such a monarch—ruler of his country, father to his people, confident leader of his incomparable army, animated, as he

FREDERICK THE GREAT
AS
CROWN PRINCE

From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek
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was, by the 'Categorical Imperative of Duty,' and governed by responsibility to Divine Providence—could have been capable of the gigantic achievements he accomplished, if he had not been inwardly directed by a feeling of deep religious fervour?"

It is true that he did not make any outward display of his religion, either in the same way, or to the same degree, as had been the custom in the time of his tyrannical father and still was in certain circles in his own day. But where in Frederick William I we see fanatical intolerance ruling against anyone differing from him in the form of his religion, and frequent immoderate and unjust outbreaks of rage, in no way evincing Christian tolerance and love, and owing to which his piety must have appeared as a semblance only, more, even as hypocrisy in his son's eyes, we see in Frederick the Great a complete tolerance and just understanding, culminating in the much misunderstood and often misquoted phrase: "Everyone must attain salvation in his own

fashion." That means: the practice of religion should be permitted to every Creed, according to its traditional form of worship, but not at the cost of, or in opposition to others, or under the absolute disavowal of religion. Thus Frederick energetically protected the Evangelicals in Schleswig, where they were bitterly persecuted by the Roman Church, building large churches for them, and compelling the Jesuits, who had robbed a poor young minister of his books, to return the stolen property, by levying a distraint on their library.

On the slopes of Beskiden, between Pless and Cracow lay some Protestant villages, whose inhabitants were most shamefully persecuted by the Polish Government, at the instigation of the clergy. Frederick collected together a large number of waggons, sent them all over there with a captain in charge of a squadron of cavalry, and had all the Protestant inhabitants loaded onto them, bag and baggage, and brought to Prussia.

He was certainly of the opinion that the Protestant "fashion" of attaining salvation was not one whit inferior to the Roman! *Suum cuique!* It was "To each one his own" in all things with Frederick, too, though never, with him, "the same thing for everybody."

Since Frederick the Great had to keep in touch with every detail of the whole business of his profession as a ruler, he was accustomed to dispatch his business in the quickest way, to make his wishes known, to express his criticism, and to mete out praise or blame, in the concisest form, by "marginalia." The "marginalia" form a veritable fund of capital humour and still exist, to some extent, as anecdotes among the people or among those in the know. Here is an example:

During a Royal course with greyhounds the hare disappeared and could not be brought to a kill, although the hounds came to a stop at the door of a village parsonage.

Sometime later the King was informed by some of the parson's enemies that the hare

had taken refuge under the voluminous hooped skirt of the reverend gentleman's wife. The parson had caught it, hidden it and eventually shared it with her for supper.

When the authorities proposed to take proceedings against the parson for "contravention of the hunt regulations," the King wrote, "On no account, seeing that only the parson has rights in those preserves."

In Berlin, on the Landsberger and Neuen König-strasse, the great King had had a house built, the cornices of which were decorated with sheeps' heads (it was pulled down a short time ago). When the occupier complained to Frederick that there were only 99 sheeps' heads on it, and asked for one more to make the number up to 100, the King promptly answered: "Stick your head out of the window and then the 100 will be complete!"

His Adjutant-General had to administer and report on the *personnel* of the army (supply of officers, promotions, discharges,

etc.). Frederick was well disposed to one particular colonel and wanted to promote him to major-general, but for this to be done, the colonel would have had to be given his step over the head of another officer who was his senior in the Service. The Adjutant-general raised objections because nothing could be brought against the senior officer to warrant such a set back to him, even if he had not been particularly efficient, and even if his Majesty did not like him. The King discussed the matter inside out, at length, and very vehemently, with the Adjutant-general, but finally saw the justice of the latter's standpoint. He signed two commissions by which both colonels were promoted major-generals. On the commission to the senior colonel whom he did not like Frederick personally wrote the following remark: "I have to-day advanced you to the rank of major-general, but you are not to imagine that this has been done on account of your merit. You have rather to look upon it as though it has

happened more in spite of God's anger, that you have become a major-general!" (This anecdote was told me by Adjutant-General von Albedyll, Chief of the Military Council to my grandfather, whose soul rests with God.)

Independent-thinking, energetic rulers, who have to make rapid decisions, employ marginalia to avoid loss of time. All heads of big business concerns also do the same thing to-day, as a technical device for the assistance of the management. Bank directors, directors of shipping firms, industrialists and others. What is understood as a matter of course for these gentlemen—whether in Europe or America—is also a King's right. For Frederick the Great the art of dispatching business in the quickest way was a pressing necessity in the utilisation of his working hours.

With regard to the style of the Great King's marginalia one should note that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the

early part of the nineteenth century, the German language was richly strewn with Latin and French words. In the second half of the nineteenth century the movement for the "purification of the language" occupied itself zealously with their abolition.

It must be admitted, however, that some of these foreign words often brought out the meaning of a sentence very precisely, aptly, and agreeably, and were at the same time in accord with the style and character of the age. I cite an example. The end of General Count von Wied's address to his regiments before the storming of the Burkerdorfer heights: "And His Majesty the King of Prussia expects that every one of us will do his 'devoir' so that His Majesty may 'réussiren'." His grenadiers understood him, fell to, and stormed the heights. I think it would have been difficult to "interpretieren" the King's order in a better way.

We now see the great King, crowned with glory, happily ruling and improving the land

so valiantly defended from his enemies, and whose position as a European Great Power he had gained for it in battle against the intrigues of German and foreign princes and statesmen. Here, respect and admiration! there, hate paired with envy!

An important milestone in his foreign policy was his decision to support the United States of North America—then in process of formation—in their War of Independence. He sent his aide-de-camp, Steuben, over as an adviser. Steuben became the great re-creator of the North-American army. In close friendship with Washington he forged for him the weapon with which the latter was finally placed in a position to ward off the threats against the Union. After the recognition of the Union government Frederick concluded with Washington the Prussian-American Treaty of Peace, Friendship and Commerce, which, passing over in 1871 to the New German Empire, still remains valid, with the clause relating to the inviolability

of the private property of the enemy in time of war undenounced. Wilson broke this pact —without denouncing it—and took away German private property and German possessions from their rightful owners. It will be for his successors to repair this grievous breach of American national honour to the utmost and to fulfil the conditions of the still valid treaty to their fullest extent. *Restitutio ad integrum.*

But all through the toil and work that led to the summit of his incomparable glory the great King always remained "the Solitary One." His family, his brothers and sisters, the Queen, did not change that. Compelled by his hard father to marry a princess whom he did not love when he was Crown Prince, he had never been able to feel his wife as a comrade. She could not understand the "eagle soaring to the sun" nor follow him in the flights of his mind. Therefore she disappeared from his much agitated life; she played no part in it. His relationship with

his sister the Margravine of Bayreuth was probably the warmest. His brothers were only of value to him as long as he could employ them advantageously for the benefit of the Fatherland, particularly in the army. This is shown by his letters to Prince Henry. Prince Augustus died embittered. Prince Henry also came to hate the King in the end, and here jealousy doubtless played no small part.

How greatly the powerful figure of the King attracted his contemporaries, not only in Prussia and in Germany, but also in foreign countries, is shown by the great number of pictures, prints, representations in figure of all kinds, snuff-boxes and innumerable other objects, showing him in some particular situation or other, or containing his portrait, which were to be found everywhere.

One of the most enthusiastic portrayers of Frederick in the nineteenth century was the Scotsman, Carlyle, whose history of the great King is a really classical work

(one that ought to be on every Englishman's and German's table!). Among all representative artists no one has been so successful in calling "Fridericus Rex" into being in the minds of the Prussian people—as though he were living at the moment, so to speak—as the master Menzel. The nation felt that the young and the old Fritz, Zieten, Seydlitz, Winterfeld, and all those round the King must have looked just the same as Menzel pictured the King, and his generals and soldiers. Menzel presented us with "Frederick the Great" alive again, and he understood how to read into Frederick's soul so well that he has left his type impressed on us for ever. A foreign portrait painter, who was admiring a magnificent pastel sketch of Frederick from Menzel's masterly hand—formerly belonging to my father—without having seen Menzel's name, exclaimed "Ah! on le voit bien ce portrait est d'après nature!" On my remarking that it was done

by Menzel, an artist who was still alive, my visitor cried out with rapture "mais alors c'est un sorcier ce Menzel, il a crée une résurrection." A conclusive proof of what irresistible power the character of Frederick can exert on men who absorb themselves in the study of it. He was indisputably the "Great."

When approaching old age retarded his working powers and his body began to grow infirm, the great King gave himself up to solitary contemplation; he mused and meditated and lived in his memories. Then there will often doubtless have appeared before Frederick's eyes the figure of his "brutal" father, his great achievements and honourable purposes. And, recognising the fact that it was he who had created and prepared for Frederick the tool, in country, army, finances and officials, he will have had to submit his judgment on his father to a revision, and, there can be little doubt, to the latter's advantage. He will have quietly begged his pardon for

many too hasty, sharp and false judgments passed on him when he was Crown Prince. Yes, he had far far exceeded his father's unfulfilled plans and hopes! If only *he* could have seen his Prussia now!

Fritz must be "like his father!" He had —through his father—become something much more. But in one thing his father's anxiety was justified. He had hated the foreign, un-Prussian, strange new ways, which the Crown Prince Fritz hailed with delight, because he considered these ways to be a dangerous poison in the constitution of the Prussian nation, and he was afraid of it. This poison was, in fact, about to enter the body of the Prussian State and nation and to consume it.

It is true that, as long as Frederick was alive, he was able to conjure it away, but after he had closed his tired eyes, it worked on, until a quarter of a century later his life's work collapsed—like Sodom and Gomorrah came Jena.

And before Frederick's tomb in the garrison church in Potsdam, Napoleon was able to command his generals "Hats off, gentlemen, if he were still alive we should not be standing here."

FREDERICK WILLIAM II

FREDERICK THE GREAT
From Adolf Menzel's "Die Armee Friedrichs des Grossen" Volume III

FREDERICK WILLIAM II

In the years of Peace Prussia had recovered and settled herself, and outwardly presented the picture of a well-ordered prospering Power. If Frederick William II had only possessed one spark of his predecessor's genius, only a fraction of that sense of duty and consuming passionate power of work for the good of the country shown by the man, who called himself "the first servant of the State," he would have been able to develop the splendid inheritance that had fallen to his lot still further, guiding it along Frederick's lines.

Frederick William II, however, was indolent, good-humoured, vain, a server of women, incapable of wide vision and lofty flights of mind, in everything the opposite of Frederick. In his hands the inheritance went to ruin. He should have made it his business to dam up the trickles of Western

thought that were running through the nation, and to subdue the immorality and loose-living to which they were giving rise, instead of furthering them by his own example. To increase individual work and achievements, instead of himself spreading abroad good living and inordinate desire for pleasure.

The administration became supine, grew bureaucratic. Frederick's glorious army grew numb and stiff with unedifying duties and forms of drill. Politics were feeble. It is true that they could claim as a success the acquisition of a piece of territory at the division of Poland. Whilst on the other side a campaign in the Netherlands for the suppression of an insurrection that had broken out against Frederick William's son-in-law led to the desired result, and allowed Lord Malmesbury, the British Ambassador in Berlin, to bear the Prussian Eagle on his coat-of-arms as a reward for England's diplomatic co-operation. But when the

fateful seed strewn in France by thinkers and secret societies finally came to bloody fruition, and the monarchs of Europe felt themselves in duty bound to hasten to the assistance of the threatened King of France, the Prussian command failed utterly in the hands of the Duke of Brunswick at Valmy.

Annihilating was Napoleon I's judgment in his criticism of Brunswick's conduct at Valmy: "Si j'étais le roi de Prusse j'aurais fait fusiller Brunswick."

The deplorable miscarriage of the allied monarchs' operations on the Rhine gave the Revolution in France new courage and new power to rid themselves once and for all, through the executioner, of the nobility which was descended from the original Frankish upper stratum. Irritated by the interference of foreigners in their "internal affairs," the French now stood fast in closed ranks behind their leaders.

The idea of "universal compulsory military service" was born; the national army

arose, animated by the principle, "every citizen is in duty bound to fight for *la belle France* and to defend her." This national army soon passed from defence to attack and proved itself invincible, especially where it was led by a young and brilliantly gifted general called Napoleon. From such events Frederick would naturally at once have drawn the obvious conclusions and re-organised army and country. He would have "moved with the times"; but Frederick William II did not do so. Valmy had taught him nothing. Young abilities full of promise remained unused and unpatronised. Stein was already living, Blücher was in service.

In the Prussia of Frederick William II there was no more life, everything vegetated, the enlivening breath of the great Frederick's spirit could be felt no more. Nevertheless, King Frederick William II was not unloved, at least in Berlin. They called him "our fat King." Under him Prussia went down hill, and his death placed his successor, the

Crown Prince Frederick William, as King William II, in a situation of extreme difficulty, and one that made the highest claims on the capabilities of this prince.

FREDERICK WILLIAM III

FREDERICK WILLIAM III

THE "New Age" thundered with an iron fist on the door of the nineteenth century. The devilishly inspired French Revolution shook the states of Europe to their foundations. It swept aside the old French nobility, in which the former Germanic-Frankish strains were embodied, and cleared the course for the purely "Gallic." In place of her murdered hereditary King, France received a new and powerful leader in the form of a son of the Revolution; in Napoleon.

Just as Bolshevism to-day strives to obtain the mastery of the world for its leaders through the world-revolution of all the nations, so Napoleon attempted to achieve the mastery of the world for himself and France, after he had annihilated the chiefs of the Revolution—the results of which he just profited by—and had given his

country a new order, new laws, and new aims, creating a solid, uniform state and military organisation such as the Continent of Europe had never seen before.

Since the end of the eighteenth century the decaying Austrian-Hapsburg monarchy had already been struggling in vain with the Corsican for its Italian possessions, and its decrepit field-officers had had to succumb to the young and dauntless generals of the Revolution, swept along by their youthful, impetuous, and highly-gifted leader.

"Compulsory Military Service," an acquisition due to the Revolution, "filled the "Grande Nation" with a uniform military spirit. Originally conceived as an idea for defence against foreign attacks, it supplied the Emperor with first-class material in men for his efforts to subjugate Europe. When he had schooled it in his spirit, broken it in, and organised it into a formidable and apparently completely invincible army, it soon passed on from successful defence to

attack and acquisitive conquest, from which hardly any of the countries of Europe remained exempt. Neighbouring Germany, Prussia especially, had to suffer most under Napoleon. The Empire was now nothing but an empty form. Of the original old German Empire nothing but the name remained. The Hapsburg family policy of founding a family-power had totally ruined the Empire and allowed it to drop to pieces.

It was, however, only a period of marking-time for the little German core of the old German-Austrian hereditary lands (the Ostmark). But Austria never acquired the ability to weld into an organic whole the vast expanse of gradually acquired non-German territory, with which she became surrounded. Things looked bad in the Empire. A great number of important, less important, and small princes "reigned," and that mostly in imitation of French ways, customs, art and opinions, of the time of Louis XIV; and, later on, jealousy of each other and envy

of the more important States, especially of Prussia, diverted their sympathies either to Hapsburg or to France. Of any sort of national German feeling there was no trace to be seen, and it was nowhere fostered. It is true that Frederick the Great's victories, especially Rossbach, had caused hearts far and wide in the German Fatherland to beat faster and more ardently, and had given rise to a suspicion of a feeling of mutual interests. "Tua res agitur!" The young Goethe said very aptly: "We were all Frederick-minded, but not Prussian-minded!" So that Frederick became, to a certain extent, "German" for "non-Prussians," since the Empire itself no longer possessed any great "Germans." In this respect the House of Hapsburg was a total failure.

As far as the defensive force—sarcastically called "The Imperial Army"—of the Empire was concerned, the battle of Rossbach, where it was pitted, under Hildburghausen, by the side of the "hereditary enemy"

[illegible]

The effeminate, lax, unsteady, immoral age of Frederick William II had brought evil seeds to maturity. Anything but virtue was the order of the day, both in civilian life and in State service. The Civil Service, as has been said, became bureaucratic, the Army grew torpid in dead forms of tactics and uninspiring drill under far too antiquated leaders. Brunswick had shown of what spirit he was the child at Valmy. A General Staff, that might have preserved and extended Frederick's strategical ideas and traditions of generalship did not exist. In this respect nothing could be expected from the King. Prussia's soaring flight, symbolised in Frederick's motto "*Nec Soli cedit*" had ceased. Prussia was sick, she had become rotten.

Such was the appearance of his inheritance when Crown Prince Frederick William ascended the throne as King Frederick William III.

Honourable in character, laconic or even

taciturn, and deeply religious, he was animated by a lofty sense of his duty, just in the way that the Elector Frederick I had avowed it, "As the simple bailiff of God in His Principality." He was profoundly conscious of his responsibility towards God. He had a strong apprehension of morality. His was a superior nature, through and through, and had he come to the throne in normal times he would have been an excellent administrator and sovereign. But there was none of Frederick's noble fire in him. He lacked that powerful, compelling, rousing spirit that carried everything along with it. That spirit of self-confidence which always held the once-selected goal fast in view, and put forth all its powers to attain it, regardless of everything else.

As was often disclosed later, during the Napoleonic Wars, King Frederick William III often held entirely sound ideas, but he was too modest to give effect to them, or even to put them forward with any conviction to

other people whom he considered to be more authoritative. Owing to this, in the course of time, his reticence and reservation grew to an extreme, and he often permitted councillors whom he considered to have a superior knowledge of the subject to give effect to their own ideas, to the prejudice of the matter, instead of making them carry out what were, in so many cases, the actually happier ideas of the King.

He had a warm sensitive heart for his people and Fatherland, for whose welfare and prosperity he lived alone. He felt himself responsible to God for every single action in his high office. He felt that he would have to render an account to Him of all that he did. Simple and straightforward, he paid attention to everything and fulfilled his difficult task. At his side stood Queen Louise, the radiantly beautiful, lovable and charming Princess from the house of Mecklenburg. She embodied all the virtues of a true German woman, and understood how to unite

FREDERICK WILLIAM II

From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek Volume III: "Brandenburgische und Preussische Fürstliche Personen"

them with the characteristic virtues of a German Princess. Her deeply rooted religion gave her a depth and firmness of character that became a rock of strength in the unhappy times of the collapse. A rock to which her husband and her people clung when the waves of misfortune dashed over everything. She never lost her head, nor her trust in God, nor her hope, and was thus a true support to her sorely tried husband. The energy lacking in the somewhat too calmly disposed King was present in Louisa's ardent soul, gave her the will to convert into deeds the lofty conceptions she had of her position, of her mission as a mother and as a Queen of Prussia. So she rose to be the beloved and highly honoured mother of her country.

It is natural that at every change of sovereign hopes are present expecting to be realised, that spring sometimes from very different motives. Looked at in a purely moral and human light Frederick William III and Louise did not only fulfil the long-

ing that every respectable thinking person among the Prussian people had for morality, order and propriety in the Royal House, but their family life was an absolutely perfect pattern for all ranks of society. This was the cause of lasting blessings. Heart-felt love and reverence was offered them, and it was not easy to find the equal of such a royal pair in Europe. The Prussians were proud of their King and Queen. But the stern times imperiously asserted themselves, and to them the King had to consecrate himself before everything else. It was soon apparent that the "Great King's" powerful genius for politics, especially for foreign politics, was not present to the requisite extent in Frederick William III. They went to work here, as in everything else, with small expedients, and there was no trace of a great national line of policy when—in the time-honoured French tradition — Napoleon's hand stretched out towards Germany. They were isolated, and had to live to see the

collapse of the glorious Prussian Army at Jena and Auerstädt. The battle was lost, in the first case, because the army had no General Staff, and in the second because they had neglected to study Napoleon's newly-introduced infantry tactics and to adopt and assimilate them to the Prussian spirit. The French Emperor marched his infantry to the attack in columns, after the rigid ranks of the enemy had been mown down by the fire of the lines of sharpshooters he pushed out in front. General von Bronsart told me the answer a sergeant who had been at Jena gave when asked by an old officer how it had actually been possible for the defeat to occur. The sergeant said: "The French line of skirmishers shot into our ranks and we suffered great losses. We did not shoot back because we were waiting for their columns; for it did not seem worth while to us to fire by platoons on those scattered men." (Fire by a whole platoon simultaneously, the normal in the Prussian Army.)

The complete breakdown followed quickly after Murat's restless and well-conducted pursuit. The High Command, a relic of Frederick's time, failed on account of excessive senility. Fortified places fell one after the other (at times "in order to preserve H.M.'s *matériel!*"). Glorious exception were Kolberg (Gneisenau) Graudenz (L'homme de Courbière).

When, in 1906 and 1907, I had memorials erected to the memory of the fallen on the battlefields of Jena and Auerstädt, the Chief of the General Staff, who together with the Minister for War, had collected and sifted all the material connected with these events, informed me that quite a number of names among the junior officers present in these battles, were those of men, who, later on, played distinguished parts as victorious leaders of all ranks in the Wars of Liberation against Napoleon. So it appeared that there was good material present in the army, though not in the right place, because promo-

tion through the generals "of the old time" who were still on the active list, had become impossible.

At the capitulation of Prenzlau Hohenlohe covered himself with ignominy, allowing himself to be deceived by his adviser Massenbach over the strength of the enemy. The army simply fell to pieces and the enemy forces quickly spread all over the country. In Berlin, complete helplessness and dismay. Count Schulenburg coined the "historic" phrase: "The King has lost a battle. It is the duty of every citizen to remain calm."

The Queen had to flee. Her flight was almost a romance. When old General Köckeritz, following her Majesty's coach in a carriage along with the courageous Countess Voss, the chief Hofdame, imparted to the Countess his terror of their pursuers and his fears of the possibility of their being taken prisoners, the Old Prussian lady indignantly cried out: "If so it will be two old

women that the French take prisoners!"

The King and Queen found refuge and shelter in a little house in Memel, on the furthest boundary of the country. Through the mediation of Alexander I the shameful Treaty of Tilsit was signed. It is true that the Tsar had attempted to help prevent the disaster, but neither he nor his generals were able to dam the French flood.

The Austrian, Russian and Prussian armies were defeated by Napoleon's genius for generalship, in battles on a scale hardly known before, and these were always the outcome of some vast operation planned by the Emperor. These operations, personally conceived by him, and carried out with the fullest understanding and unhesitating dash by generals schooled to his ideas, easily overpowered opponents of an obsolete school and inferior generalship, in spite of the greatest bravery, such as was shown especially by some divisions of Prussian troops (Heilsburg Hussars: Kutschitten 3rd Grenadiers),

whose partial successes, however, were not able to exercise any influence on the unfavourable course of the general operations. It can be truly said that from 1800-1807 Napoleon stood at the summit of his strategical skill. He held fast to whatever scheme he had once drawn up. A resolution formed, he did not change it. Up to the Battle of Eylau. Here the Emperor, for the first time, altered his battle orders after they had been issued, and the battle was almost lost by a hair's breadth. Teachers of military history, especially scholars of the Napoleonic wars, are accustomed to mark the Battle of Eylau as a turning-point in the Emperor's career as a general.

In the negotiations leading up to the peace of Tilsit, Queen Louise showed the full strength of her character. She battled for her poor Fatherland with all the decision of a German woman whilst fully preserving her dignity as a Queen of Prussia. Yes, she did not even shrink from approaching the

French Emperor flushed with victory, face to face. Magdeburg!*—Over this there is hardly still dispute. At the encounter in Tilsit Napoleon treated the Queen with respect.

Standing in front of Frederick's tomb in the garrison church in Potsdam, Tsar Alexander I, in one of those characteristically Russian ebullitions of feeling, had once stretched out his hand to Frederick William III in Louise's presence, with assurances of everlasting fidelity and indissoluble friendship, and now the King built his hopes on those assurances. But in Tilsit his expecta-

**It is said that at their first meeting Napoleon attempted to turn the conversation into flippant channels by asking questions about the material of which the Queen's gown was composed, where it was manufactured and so forth. "Shall we talk of chiffons at a time like this?" exclaimed the Queen, and then proceeded to plead for the retention of the more ancient fortresses of Prussia west of the Elbe, including Magdeburg. And again that at a later meeting, in order to relieve a feeling of constraint, Napoleon broke a flower off a rose-plant and offered it to the Queen. She hesitated a moment, then, seeing her way to a final effort on behalf of her country, said beseechingly, "At least Magdeburg?" "Your Majesty has forgotten our relative positions" was the curt rejoinder, "what I offer is for you to receive without conditions." "Your rose is too thorny for me," said Louise, ignoring the double meaning of his words. She sometimes recalled Mary Stuart's saying with regard to Calais, and declared that when she was dead Magdeburg would be found written on her heart. (Trans. note.)*

tions were not realised. Napoleon's dexterous handling of Alexander's character, and his shrewdly calculated policy towards Russia, enabled him to detach the Tsar spiritually from his Prussian ally, so that the Tsar was led to prefer the advantage of friendship with the "mightiest ruler of the West" for himself as the "greatest ruler of the East," instead of holding out by Prussia's side.

So Napoleon won the first world-war in Europe, and that, moreover, partly with German troops from the Rhineland. For as formerly at Rossbach, so here again, German troops fought with the French against Prussia. Instead of joining Prussia against Napoleon, the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine sent their German-born subjects to war against their German brothers under Napoleon's supreme command, in gratitude for the crowns and titles he bestowed on them.

Austria was enfeebled, Prussia shattered,

Russia's friendship won. Prussia paid the bill. The oppression of the victor weighed terribly on the enslaved country and nation. If, perhaps, on the occasion of the French Emperor's entry into Berlin the behaviour of a section of the inhabitants was not in accordance with their loyalty to their King, and if in various towns there were many traitors, nevertheless, generally speaking, the people held close to the Royal Pair, maintaining their loyalty to them in spite of all distress and injustice, and helping them to bear their bitter sufferings in humility and with submission to the will of God. These mutually born sufferings drew the bond still closer. There is an immense literature of historical works and memoirs, from State and private sources, about the French period in Prussia 1807-1812, which gives, sometimes in highly arresting images, an accurate view of this terrible period of Prussia's shame. But it was a period of schooling. Men grew up in the land who

were prepared to place their minds and bodies at the disposal of their King and Fatherland to lead it back into right ways and to the old faith. People examined their consciences. They beat their breasts—"*Mea Culpa.*" Deep fervour in religious matters, reform, and repentance prepared the soul for the new seed. Looks were directed heavenwards, imploringly, and full of the hope that will let itself be downcast.

The rising generation was brought up, in schools and universities, with ardent enthusiasm for the idea of the liberation of the Fatherland from shame and servitude. Fichte spoke to the German nation. Jahn hardened its youth by physical exercises, and kept the idea of revenge for insult and disgrace alive by his question and box on the ear in front of the Brandenburg Gate, when pointing out the empty place where "Victory" should have stood. The landowners quietly prepared their peasants for the duty of dedicating life and property to the Father-

land, whilst the artisans forged the steel of retaliation.

The whole nation, in all its ranks and classes, prepared itself for the war of liberation. The difference between noble and commoner disappeared when they both fought valiantly in defence of their lives in the intrenchments—as, for example, at the defence of Kolberg.

A veritable re-birth of Prussia took place. Two of the greatest men who, with wide vision and infatigable energy, led the way in the reorganisation of the country and army were von Stein from Nassau, a baron of the Empire, and General von Scharnhorst, the son of a sergeant-major from Hanover. Stein based his reforms on the principle that the most efficient man ought to be at the head of his profession, and, as the most capable and worthy representative of that profession, ought to represent it in council for the welfare of the country alongside his colleagues from other pro-

fessions. He had in mind, therefore, an assembly based on the representation of professions that would represent the people and deliberate on national affairs in conjunction with the King's Government. But this basicly sound and fundamentally German idea was never fully carried out; the Anglo-French idea of a Parliament representing classes maintained the upper hand.

General von Scharnhorst was the creator of the new army. It was founded on the principle that every single Prussian was in duty bound to take part in the liberation of his Fatherland, personally and with arms. Everyone, therefore, had to be taught the trade of arms, he had to be educated to carry and to use weapons. And it was, therefore, the highest and principal duty of every Prussian, without exception, to be a soldier. No longer was it, as formerly—before Jena—the sole privilege of the nobility to hold the rank of officer, but here also the most efficient in the profession attained the

highest rank. For material the King could still command a small remnant of the old army. Many unemployed officers of all arms of the Service, particularly in East Prussia, and many "redeemed," that is, those belonging to the annihilated regiments who, escaping from captivity, crept, beat and begged their way through field, marsh and forest to their King in Königsberg, often arriving in rags and tatters. They kept their oath of allegiance to their King even in misfortune. The "Krümper" system was introduced. A system that gave the men a short period of training only and thus permitted the passing of large numbers of them through the cadres of the much-diminished army.

In order to keep the sense of honour alive in the Corps of Officers the King ordered that during the collapse the officers were to meet together according to regiments and to sit in judgment, if necessary, upon the conduct of any particular individual, through

their own self-appointed tribunals. This appeal of the King to his officers' sense of honour and position had a magnificent result. Strictly and disinterestedly, the Prussian Corps of Officers at that time sat in judgment, and passed sentence on itself, preserving the fullest justice, and submitting its sentences to the King for promulgation, reconsideration or quashing. An unexampled achievement, throwing a brilliant light on the moral standards of the Prussian officers of those days—of that age which had at length began to stir in its misery. A magnificent justification of the trust their King had put in them during his bitterest adversity. That was the precious Prussian wood from which the leaders of the new national army could be carved.

In simplicity and economy the Royal pair led the way and set a good example. Louisenwahl at Königsberg and Paretz by Potsdam are still speaking witnesses of that to-day. And in the education of her children

Louise's chief thought was to imbue them with a fear of God, a sense of work, and a consciousness of their duty towards their people and their country. They were to become Servants of the State. Kant's "Categorical Imperative of Duty" permeated both the royal house and the nation, and was a powerful agent in the re-birth of Prussia, working fervently for her spiritual good and for the hour of her liberation. Landowners, peasants and cotters were all of one mind in preparing themselves for the great hour when the King would call on them.

In contrast with this—with a few glorious exceptions—things looked bad in the old Empire, especially on the Rhine and in the South. Greater and lesser Princes—by Napoleon's grace—crawled before him, imitated his court and its customs and fluttered towards him like moths to a candle. Their German subjects were aligned in contingents in the French army under the foreign Napoleonic eagle. From the Adriatic to the Baltic,

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III

From a collection of portraits in the Hohenzollernschen Hausbibliothek
Volume III: "Brandenburgische und Preussische Fürstliche Personen"

from the Ebro to Hamburg, from the marshes of Weichsel to the estuaries of the Rhine, from the Harz to the Pyrenees, the sons of Germany were formed into battalions. They marched and bivouacked, were wounded, drowned and killed; suffered, fought, hungered and died, under French marshals at the command of the Corsican. With the battle cry of "Vive l'Empereur," in the interests of France, and for the glory of Napoleon, they even went against their own countrymen, as, for example, against the Prussians and Tyrolese. If the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine had only possessed one spark of German national feeling, they would all have placed whatever they possessed in men and munitions of war at the disposal of Prussia, and made common cause with her against the French; but the crowns and coronets which the French Emperor had handed out to them effectually prevented that.

In Prussia, and in those parts of Germany

where thought was still German, great hopes were built on the year 1809. Austria declared war. But the war was lost and the hopes were dashed to the ground. Desperate individual efforts, such as those of Schill and Dörnberg and of the brave Duke of Brunswick, were condemned to come to nought through lack of general support. In the heroic defence of their homeland the Tyrolese were overthrown by General Lefebre, with the help of the Bavarians, and treated in the most cruel and brutal way. Only in Spain was there any measure of safety; there the Emperor's universal power seemed to be meeting with dangerous opposition. There, England was pricking and prodding him; making use likewise of German troops. Hanoverians won bloody victories for the Union Jack whilst Nassauers shed their blood under Napoleon's eagle. Germans against Germans! The whole enslavement of Europe, the hecatombs of Germans who fell on the battle-field, either

for or against the Corsican, all served the one purpose that ruled his mind—the overthrow of England through the Continental blockade. It miscarried because the French fleet had not acquired the "will to victory" with which the British fleet, inspired by Nelson and his great colleagues, was filled. If, earlier on, Aboukir had prepared the grave for Napoleon's high-soaring plans in the East, Trafalgar utterly destroyed his attempts to force England to her knees by economic means through the Continental blockade.

It goes without saying that in this war for existence England supported every active opponent of Napoleon and strove to mobilise as many as possible against him. Her subsidies flowed everywhere where they could strengthen opposition and re-awaken enmity.

Thus 1809 saw the Emperor Napoleon crowned with glory, and his luxurious court haloed by undreamt-of brilliance. His

brothers were now on the usurped thrones of Europe's Princes in place of the rightful rulers, attempting to copy Napoleon's court, and the so-called "King" of Westphalia succeeded wonderfully in Cassel, where for all the splendour and luxury of his notorious court he was nothing but a disorderly buffoon. These practices in German lands came to a full-stop at the frontier of rugged Prussia, who was meantime quietly and inflexibly consolidating herself. There, however, the King and Nation received a bitterly painful blow, the bitterest possible. Louise succumbed to her sufferings, whilst still in the prime of life. She, the true, courageous, never-desponding woman and mother, the advisor who never lost faith in God, went to her last rest without having lived to see the liberation of her Fatherland or the re-establishment of Prussia and the restoration of the dignity of her royal house. Deep night sank over our House, and shadows of the sincerest grief lay on the whole nation, which

had revered its Queen almost as a saint. Young and old, rich and poor had taken her life and her confidence in God as a pattern and modelled themselves on her illuminating example. From her there passed into the Prussians the spirit with which the newly-formed battalions and the old militia (Landwehr) were filled when they took up arms. "The Corsican can be beaten. God will help us."

Napoleon found it impossible to coerce England by the Continental blockade — chiefly because Russia did not take part in it, and also because an immense organisation of smuggling threatened to make it illusory, flourishing greatly, in spite of all the Prefects, sub-Prefects, and Municipal Officers, with their enormous staffs of French officials, police, secret agents and spies, with which the whole of Germany and Prussia were enveloped as with a net. He decided, therefore, to overthrow Russia so as to win a base for an assault on India. He saw there

the Achilles' heel of the British Empire.

One monarch had already conceived the same plan—the Emperor Paul of Russia—but when he went to carry it out he was got rid of by murder, at the instigation of England. Alexander I, Tsar of Russia, was his son. The halcyon days of Tilsit, when he, the mighty ruler of the East, dropped his Prussian ally in favour of friendship with the mighty master of the West, were over. Mistrust and envy thrust their way in, where unrestrained admiration and strong partiality had once ruled. The tension grew; clouds charged with electricity began to cover the political sky. At last, in 1812, the great storm broke. Napoleon ordered the whole of Europe, in so far as it lay under his yoke, to march East against Russia. Prodigious were the preparations he made. Once more all the German contingents, the sons of our German Fatherland, were obliged to march under the French eagle, under Napoleon's command. Even Prussia, as an ally of the

Emperor, was compelled to take up arms against Russia. General York had to obey Napoleon's orders for the Prussian contingent under his command in Königsberg. Inwardly foaming with rage he had to carry out the orders of his master, the King.

The Emperor's boldly-conceived plan miscarried. It was wrecked by the immense expanse of the Russian "continent." The lack of roads caused insuperable difficulties to supply and reinforcement—"le cinquième élément la boue," said the Emperor. The deadly courageous decision with which the population of the country destroyed towns, villages and hamlets left a desert behind the Russian army as it retreated in front of Napoleon. It was a new experience for Napoleon to find a nation that, instead of flinging open its doors with enthusiasm for French civilisation, as, for example, Germany had done, laid its own Fatherland waste so as to make life and sojourn impossible for the enemy. And when he reached much-longed

for Moscow the retreating Russian army was not one hair's breadth nearer. The holy capital itself went up in flames and forced the robber of the world to make a terrible retreat, which soon became a mighty defeat.

First uncertainly and scrappily, then ever-louder came the absolutely unbelievable rumour that the Emperor had been beaten. People would not believe it, until finally the pitable figures that formed the remnant of the "Grande Armée" afforded clear proof of the "Grand Désastre." The Russian pursuers neared the Prussian frontier. The decisive hour struck. It found its man in General York. By various delays during the retreat York had managed to separate his troops from the French. He now lay opposite a much superior Russian force in the neighbourhood of Tauroggen. Negotiations were begun, in spite of difficulties, through Prussians who were with the Russian force. It was a critical situation. If York went over to the Russians his King, officially

Napoleon's ally, would be guilty of breaking his word to the Emperor. The general would be guilty of an act of insubordination towards his King, whilst the King, far off in Berlin and completely in the power of the French army of occupation, would run the risk of being kicked off his throne. On the other hand, if the general did not come to some accord with the Russians, his whole army would either be taken prisoner or destroyed, and would thus be lost to the King as an instrument for the liberation of the country. York knew that if he asked the King, the answer would be "No," and he was therefore obliged to act on his own, to make his own choice, on his own responsibility for the welfare of his Fatherland and his King, even at the risk of both his head and his position. And he acted! After long consideration he concluded, in the mill of Posherun, near Tauroggen, the convention which is known in the history of our Fatherland as the Convention of Tauroggen. It

was a great action, one of the first importance. York saved the King and saved Prussia—if at first against the King's will—and laid the foundations of the Russo-Prussian comradeship in arms, which made it possible for the King to regain his freedom of action and to move forward towards the liberation of Prussia.

My grandfather once described to me in detail how one day when the King was pacing to and fro, while taking coffee with his children in the "Marmor-Palais" in Potsdam, a post chaise smothered in dust drove up, out of which stepped the aide-de-camp Count Henckel. He handed the King a dispatch, and everyone drew back whilst the King read it through. It was York's announcement of the signing of the convention. The King read it slowly, and then began pacing thoughtfully to and fro again. The tension among his children and gentlemen-in-waiting was great because they knew where Count Henckel had come from. At

last the King beckoned to the Count, took his hand and held it in his own for a long time, with signs of the deepest emotion on his countenance. Then he went up to his breathless waiting children and read the convention out to them.

"General York has come to a bold decision. He has done a great deed: what the result will be, I cannot yet tell."

Then looking up to heaven with clasped hands: "O God, as Thou hast so ordained it, Thy Will be done. Bless this faithful courageous man, bless my people."

With tears in their eyes, the children kissed their father's hand, and then besieged the aide-de-camp Count Henckel with questions. Officially the King had to disavow York, on account of the French, and the great-hearted general had to endure days and weeks of the bitterest spiritual conflict, until in the end he received the King's approval and recognition.

At last the hour of liberation had come.

"The nation rose, the storm broke."

There came the summons to the nation, to the volunteers. The militia was established. The King appeared in Breslau, where he was greeted with acclamation by the nobles, citizens and peasants, hastening to join the colours. A treaty of alliance was concluded with Russia, and was followed by another with Austria.

The Wars of Liberation began. England supported them. At the beginning there was more than one set-back. But things went forward, even though the war of the Coalition fell sick of the complaint from which all such wars suffer—the difficulty of a unified supreme command. The pedantic cautious Schwarzenberg was no evenly-matched opponent for Napoleon, who gave classic proofs of his skill as a brilliant strategist. But Blücher's passionate ardour fostered and maintained confidence in victory among the Prussians, in spite of all set-backs. After the Battle of Dresden, which was unfavour-

able to the Allies—it caused Napoleon, however, to make the indignant remark: "Ces animaux ont appris quelque chose"—Blücher consoled his troops with the oft-repeated but truly audacious assertion: "Napoleon is a thoroughly stupid fellow, who doesn't understand anything about making war, and we will give him a thorough thrashing."

And now by the Katzbach Blücher carried out his threat with sabres, bayonets, and butts, as the rain prevented shooting.

A shout of joy went up throughout the land of Prussia: "Blücher has defeated Napoleon." Blücher and Katzbach remained ever fresh in the memory of the people. In the Mark, in the vicinity of Berlin, hotly-contested battles took place. The militia of the Mark beat the French troops at Hagelsberg with the butt-ends of their muskets. Bülow's victory at Dennewitz saved the capital.

At Leipsig, in the great Battle of the Nations, the Emperor succumbed to his

opponents. He escaped because the tardy Austrians permitted it. The Emperor Francis, who was sympathetically inclined towards his Corsican son-in-law, furnished him with bridges of gold for his flight. Blücher was the soul of the pursuit, and great was the jubilation of his troops when they crossed the Rhine at Caub on their way to Paris. And they arrived there! though certainly much blood had still to flow and many a heated struggle had still to be fought out to a finish before the proud capital opened her gates to the allied sovereigns, and her characterless populace received the enemy with loud rejoicings.

Napoleon I had to abdicate. He was taken to Elba and kept in "knightly captivity"—as it was called in the Middle Ages. The Allied troops returned home and began the work of reconstruction and reorganisation. The diplomats sat round the conference table, and Prussia did her best to secure the fruits of that country's efforts, whose army

and people had played by far the biggest part —relatively speaking—in the overthrow of the French Emperor.

Everything that had shown itself to be disadvantageous or purposeless in the newly raised army was, as far as possible, improved on or dispensed with. It is true that the militia, which, at the beginning, was still often armed with pikes, had shown great bravery and conducted itself well. But it had also revealed many shortcomings; above all, obedience and discipline often left much to be desired, a fact that was only fully brought to light by history much later, so that at first the militia won for itself a much more resplendent halo in the public eye than it deserved, while the regular army was quite unfairly left too much in the cold. Its Corps of Officers had covered itself with glory. By its rousing example, by its plucky, purposeful leadership of the troops with whom it lived, fought, suffered, died and conquered in comradeship, it filled the young regiments

with the old spirit of Frederick the Great, the the spirit of great victories. There was once more a rigorously disciplined, and efficient, if still young, Prussian Army, whose miscellaneous collection of men, once more welded fast together by the old Prussian spirit, had grown to be capable of any task. The military oath was an indissoluble bond as much in misfortune and necessity as in success and victory. Scharnhorst's creation had received its baptism of fire and had conducted itself brilliantly. Accounts were squared with Jena, the shame of Prenzlau was blotted out.

In Home Affairs the hopes that had been bound up with the wars of liberation and the rewards expected in return for the pledging of life and property were not fulfilled. No thorough-going reform took place. The great ideas of Baron von Stein were only partially put into effect, and they have not even to-day been fully realised. Bureaucracy, clumsy and pedantic, was just as little

KING FREDERICK WILLIAM IV
From "Preussens Monarchen," edited by Baron Rudolph von Stillfried-Rattonitz

able to comprehend Stein's high flights of thought as to understand how to handle or to mould the ideas of the "New Age" which burst in with the Wars of Liberation.

In the midst of all this groping, speech-making, work, and creation, the news of Napoleon's return crashed like a bomb. Dauntlessly and audaciously the brave man, who, on a former occasion, had not been afraid to sail unaccompanied from Egypt straight across the Mediterranean under the nose of the British fleet, laid his own clever plans, and again broke through the British blockade. He landed in the Gulf of Juan, in the neighbourhood of Antibes. On the spot where his foot first touched French soil there stands a simple memorial, before which I once stood as a boy. He made such use of his personality and of his unprecedented popularity among his former soldiers, that he soon won both army and country back. New troops sprang up as though out of the ground. The Emperor stood threateningly

at the head of a French army once more, and once more defied all Europe. The result of Leipsig was annulled. All Prussia's sufferings, battles, losses and wounds in the Wars of Liberation up to this point were at stake, and she was forced to take up arms again. Men had allowed themselves to be lulled in a dream of endless peace, for Napoleon seemed to have been rendered harmless, and the "everlasting peace of Europe" was beginning to be built up under the protection of the Holy Alliance; but France wanted it otherwise, brandished her sword at conferences and congresses, and began war again.

What was it Frederick William I said? "If you have anything to decide in this world, the pen alone will not do it. It must be supported by the sharp edge of the sword."

Once more it came to heated battles. Napoleon made use of all his general's skill, until at Waterloo he was finally defeated by his most determined and most obstinate opponent, Blücher, and gave himself up to

his grim British enemies, whom Blücher had saved. When all hope was lost, he embarked of his own free will on the British man-o'-war *Bellerophon.* The British took him to St. Helena, and there the Imperator ended his agitated life, morally tortured and unchivalrously, spitefully treated by the governor of the island.

He climbed to the topmost peak of glory, but failed when his desire to destroy the British Empire led him to make the struggle against England his life's aim. He brought the whole of the Western World under his sceptre, but his plans broke down, on the military side in Russia, and on the economic side through the failure of the Continental brockade. Blücher's kept word and his well-timed decisive interposition at Waterloo saved Wellington's army and helped the British to wreck Napoleon's plans against England once and for all. For that the Field-Marshal became the most popular man in England. He was greeted almost as

a national hero on the occasion of his reception in London. Prussia had been the deciding factor.

The Wars of Liberation were now at an end. Looking back at the period of their preparation, and on their course, through the eyes of the plain folk, it is very striking to note that, of all the great names, such as Stein, Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, York, Blücher, Katzler, Nostiz, Bülow, only that of Field-Marshal Blücher coupled with that of Queen Louise remained alive in the soul of the people. In my childhood, when there was talk, or when we were told about the Wars of Liberation or of the period just preceding them, the women always spoke about Queen Louise. The men, too, spoke about her first, and always next of Field-Marshal Blücher. And just why? At one time I gave a great deal of thought to this question, and finally laid my solution before a first-rate scholar of the whole period, who confirmed it with the fullest conviction and

enthusiasm. It was because Queen Louise and Blücher were the only two personalities who were never for one moment in doubt, yes, who were firmly convinced and everywhere expressed their conviction: "Napoleon is not invincible. He can be beaten, and must be beaten!" And he was beaten. And the Prussians intuitively, and quite rightly, felt: "That we beat him, we have to thank Queen Louise and Blücher, who awakened and steeled the will to victory in us!" That was the simple expression of the people for the invigorating element of the royal lady's trusting confidence in God and for Blücher's conviction of Prussia's military capabilities. A confidence and a conviction which they understood how to instil into the Prussian people. Often in my youth, when conversing with old men belonging to veteran's associations, or with villagers, about the Wars of Liberation, I used to hear the opinion expressed: "Yes, it was Prussia's noble Queen and Prussia's Field-Marshal who did it!"

If the period of the Wars of Liberation are looked at from a purely Prussian standpoint, it is seen that Prussia, of her own strength and with great sacrifice of life and property under the leadership of her King (and Queen), and under the direction of iron-hearted men of all grades, won for herself her right of self-determination, her sovereignty, her independence as a State.

The Nation in arms, as Prussia's army, under distinguished generals and a first-rate Corps of Officers, had inscribed brilliant deeds of glory on the tables of history. It might proudly crown its victorious banners with the laurel and the oak wreath. From 1806 to 1815 the following members of our House distinguished themselves: Prince Louis Ferdinand, who fell at Saalfeld; Prince Augustus of Prussia, who fought at Prenzlau and Kulm; and Prince William of Prussia (later Emperor William) at Bar-sur-Aube. In addition a Prince of Hessen-Homburg died a hero's death: and the

brave Duke of Brunswick at Quatre Bras.

But from the point of view of general world-politics, Prussia and her allies, Russia and Austria, had *de facto,* without being aware of it, been rendering mercenary services to the interests of England, helping her to overthrow her worst and most irreconcilable enemy, Napoleon. Therefore, after Napoleon's fall England turned once more to her ideas of World Power, without troubling herself any further about her former allies. After Waterloo Prussia held no more interest for the makers of British destiny in London. The Moor had done his work for England, the Moor could go!

When weapons had spoken their last word for the time being, a start was made in putting things straight at home. Of one prize of victory all Germans were robbed. The German lands of Alsace-Lorraine that Louis XIV had taken away were left in the hands of the defeated French. A grave mistake, concealing in itself the seeds of future con-

flict. And the German Empire was not re-established. Outside Prussia it remained in a precarious, masterless, chaotic state. In spite of the triumph of the German cause, the former members of the Confederation of the Rhine (French pattern!) could not decide to renounce their separatism and openly and honourably agree to throw in their lot with the North. It is true that the Napoleonic storm had swept away many little crowns—including the crown of the Empire itself—but there were still many princes left who preferred to cook their broth in Vienna rather than in Berlin. A German Emperor no longer existed. Hapsburg-Lothringen had renounced the Imperial dignity when the old Empire collapsed. But now a serious mistake was made in Vienna. Instead of calling the Hapsburg ruler "King of Hungary, Archduke of Austria," which was what he was, an "Emperor" of Austria was discovered who had never existed. The modern Austria consisted of the Arch-Duchy

of Austria—the old East Mark of the Roman Empire of the German Nation—and those subsequent acquisitions which constituted the family power of the House of Hapsburg and which were attached to the Arch-Duchy of Austria, that is to the East Mark. And first among these, Hungary, where the Chief of the House was Rex Hungariae. So that after the loss of the German Imperial dignity the Hungarian Royal dignity would automatically take its place, and the former "Emperor of the Roman Empire of the German Nation" would call himself "King of Hungary, Arch-Duke of Austria."

The retention of the now absolutely unjustifiably assumed former German Imperial title for another land, and the withholding of the old German Imperial insignia in Vienna, when they should have been returned to Nuremburg, where they had *ex officio* been preserved so long, gave rise to bad consequences. For as a result of Hapsburg-Lothringen's assumption of the Ger-

man Imperial title it became customary in the parts of the former Empire that were not prepossessed in favour of Prussia, to look to Vienna as the "real spiritual centre" of Germany and to respect the ruler of Austria-Hungary as their "spiritual" overlord.

The old rift between Austria and Prussia re-appeared and became a constant factor in the internal life of Germany. A span of time set in, in which Metternich's was the authoritative spirit and all those hopes of a new order and of new creations, which men had brought home from the Great War, were kept under or else languished away.

Unfortunately, in Prussia, too, Stein's wide vision and grand conceptions of the needs of the age were no longer to be found. A withered bureaucracy felt itself bound, in the Metternich spirit, to spy on the healthy movement of the Youth of the Nation when it manifested itself at times in the Universities, in the Corps and in the Students' Associations, and sought to confine it in

external forms that were much too rigid for it. The King, who, with old age, had become monosyllabic and reserved, gradually lost all sense of touch with his people and had no knowledge of the ideas and desires that were at work in them. How Frederick the Great would have seized the opportunity to inspire Youth with his ardent spirit, and to lead the new age creatively along! And how well he would have understood to tread a noble wine out of the foaming must, which would have worked destruction on the narrow-minded stale illiberality of the "Metternich Era"! A sovereign, who was at the same time a leader, was lacking in the new age.

In the army, even though it had developed itself into an efficient and formidable instrument, drill again became an end in itself. In recognition of their achievements the militia were placed in mixed units along with the regular army as a second line. General Reyher laid the foundations of the General Staff. The old friendship with Russia was

fostered, especially in the army. This friendship was drawn still closer between the two ruling houses when Tsar Nicholas I married the handsome, strong-minded Princess Charlotte, who inherited much both in appearance and ways from her dead mother, the unforgettable Queen Louise. The comradeship in arms that had proved its worth on so many battle-fields received outward expression by the honours conferred on various regiments of which the sovereigns became the Colonels-in-chief. Thus Alexander I became Colonel-in-chief of the 1st Prussian Grenadier Guards: the Emperor Francis of the 2nd Grenadier Guards, the Tsar Nicholas I of the 6th Brandenburg Curassiers, and Frederick William III of the 3rd St. Petersburg Grenadier Guards. All these regiments received the names of their Colonel-in-chief and wore their monograms on their epaulettes and shoulder-straps up to the time of the collapse at the end of the World War. As a matter of military interest, exempli-

fying this cordial friendship in military matters, my grandfather told me that once, on the occasion of a visit paid him by his brother-in-law Nicholas, he formed a company out of the Corps of Officers of the 1st Foot Guards, equipped as ordinary soldiers, in which Nicholas took his place as a file-leader in the full equipment of an ordinary Prussian guardsman. He put the whole company through its drill and field-duties, but was obliged to admit that it had not been as easy as he had expected, considering the education and high intelligence of these officer-soldiers. For it was just this that had proved an obstacle to discipline. They all wanted to be talking all the time, and he could not remember ever having had such insubordinate troops under his command before!

With this I close the chapter on the Wars of Liberation and on the noble Royal pair Frederick William III and Louise. I take leave of Louise, who never wavered from her

unshakable trust in God, even when bowed down to the utmost by her country's misfortunes, misfortunes which once moved her to utter: "Who ever ate his bread without tears?" and who, moreover, coined the magnificent dictum: "Hallelujah, even with tears"? And I take leave of the brave, simple, upright King, whose motto ran: "My days in unrest—my hope in God."

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

Tall and powerful in build, proud in bearing, and crowned in early years with curly hair of great beauty; gifted with a lofty disposition for everything ideal and beautiful, and full of enthusiasm for the works of antiquity; a radiant winning personality, temperamental, but endowed with a good fund of humour that always knew how to see the comic side of a situation—with all these characteristics, Frederick William IV had at the same time a deeply religious nature, and took his duties as sovereign and ruler seriously. His marriage with Queen Elizabeth, although childless, was a pattern of mutual understanding and intimate domesticity.

History and tradition inspired him to approach every problem that came his way with a grand idealistic animation, but this led him to depart at times from well-tested

practical principles, and to lose himself in the clouds. He was not sober realist enough to keep both feet firmly planted on the ground of fundamental principles and to remember the words of the poet: "Ideas dwell lightly side by side, but facts jostle each other in space." It followed that many of the projects he planned and attempted for his people with the best will in the world, fell out otherwise than he had expected, through the force of facts he had neglected to take into account, and sometimes even had false interpretations put on them or were twisted round.

The King had a brilliant gift of speech. His conversation, lightened with flashes of the finest humour, scintillated with the sparkle of witty ideas, and captivated his listeners with amusing expressions and lively "aperçus."

Innumerable anecdotes are related about the King. Here is one as an example. Their Majesties were often pleased, after dinner

taken with the ladies and gentlemen of their court, to have little stage-pieces or charades performed by them for the amusement of their guests, and the King sometimes secretly took a hand in the stage-management. On one occasion in a charade the word to be guessed was "silver-glance" (Silberblick). An extremely pretty lady-in-waiting, who, however, was known to be little gifted with intelligence (quite a goose, in fact), had been placed in a chair and made to look earnestly at a large silver soup-spoon (Suppen*löffel*) held in her hand. The King stood leaning against the wall—his lorgnette in his hand, for he was short-sighted—next to a very embarrassed lieutenant of the guard, who, along with the others present, was "commanded" by the King from time to time to guess at the meaning of the charades. The curtains went up and the company began to guess, but the right solution was not forthcoming. Then the King, pointing with his lorgnette to the stage, said

to the officer of the guard: "Now, Lieutenant, what does that represent?"

Instantly the eyes of all present were fixed on the young officer, who fell into such confusion that he could make no reply at all and remained dumb. The King feasted his eyes in the lieutenant's helpless embarrassment for a while, and then whispered to him, so loudly that in the deadly quietness it could be heard by everyone: "Löffelgans!" (*Löffelgans*—spoon-goose—pelican), whereupon his hearer nearly sank into the floor with horror, and only regained his composure on the outbreak of hilarity among the company.

The King was also gifted with a high talent for drawing. In the evenings when there were readings aloud or when scholars were invited to lecture, he used to take out a sketch-book and dash off marvellously beautiful and fantastic landscapes. For preference he chose southern motifs, principally large Italian villas and palaces on

wooded hills, or temple buildings on towering cliffs with perspectives of the Mediterranean. He had an album collection of some of these drawings reproduced, a copy of which has come into my possession, through the kind enduring friendship of the still living daughter of his favourite pastor, Pfarrer Heym.

The King's passion for building in imitation of classical architecture led him to erect the charming little Græco-Roman building called the "Charlottenhof," in the Park at Sanssouci, and farther off, on the rise near Sanssouci, the large "Orangery," in Italian villa style, and another similar one on the "Pfingstberg," designed from his own architectural sketches. A little basilica on the Havel by Sacrow also owes its origin to him. All these buildings were surrounded by entrancing gardens and flower-bordered promenades, so that one could wander from park to park, and Humboldt declared that Potsdam was the most delightful place in the

world. These beautiful spots were all open to the public.

In the Wildpark, near the New Palace, the King built a charming wooden house in the style of Upper Bavaria for Queen Elizabeth as a memory of her home. Its cheerful rooms were decorated with wood carvings and emblems of the chase from Bavaria.

Both the King and his consort were passionate lovers of Nature. They often used to make excursions to these lovely places in summer from their Sanssouci residence, and to drink tea or dine on the spot. Often, too, there were river parties on the Havel, in great barges rowed by sailors, and sometimes they even went to church in Sacrow on Sundays by river.

This picnic tradition of Frederick William IV's was faithfully followed in summer by my parents, and I inherited it from them, and always practised it up till the War.

The barges and a steam-yacht used to lie at the so-called "Sailors' Station," near the

New Garden, along with an entrancing model frigate. The latter was built in England, and after crossing the Channel was brought to Potsdam via Hamburg. Here she was rigged up and presented to King Frederick William III by Lord Fitz-William as a gift from King William IV of England on the occasion of a fête on the Pfaueninsel. She was called the *Royal Louise* in honour of Queen Louise.

The King used to make frequent journeys of inspection into the different parts of his country, often visiting its most outlying districts and winning all hearts everywhere with his pleasant, affable ways. Sometimes, too, he would be accompanied by one of the Princes of the Royal House. On one of these journeys when crossing the Province of Pomerania by carriage he was received on the boundary of Nearer—and Further—Pomerania by a body of representatives and landowners of those parts, in front of a great triumphal archway decorated with wreaths

of foliage and flowers. During the long address the King surveyed the groups of ladies and gentlemen and the crowd of people through his lorgnette, and finally cast his eyes on the inscription over the triumphal archway. But on reading the dedicatory words, the King suddenly broke out into convulsive laughter and almost collapsed.

The reader of the address stopped short, lost the thread of his discourse, and was obliged to bring his speech to a sudden end. The inscription that had called forth the King's merriment was, in effect: "Anterior Pomerania may have given you a friendly reception, but you are greeted with a thunderous welcome from its posterior," and it put the King into a pleasant mood for the rest of the journey.

Frederick William IV maintained active and friendly intercourse with the houses of Bavaria and Saxony, to both of which he was related. He kept up a lively exchange of ideas with the clever, sensitive and learned

King of Saxony, and shared a common enthusiasm with Bavaria's ruler for the ideals of classical art and architecture, as well as for the Romanticism of his own times, a movement that was attempting to call the beauties of the chivalrous Middle Ages to life again on paper, on canvas and in stone.

The passion for the age of chivalry, prevalent at the time, led everyone who possibly could, to call some castle on the Rhine his own. The castle of Stolzenfels was near Coblenz, my grandfather acquired the stronghold of Rheinfels, Prince Charles of Prussia the castle of Sooneck, Prince Frederick of Prussia the castle of Rheinstein; and, together with the Princes of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Frederick William IV laid the foundation-stone for the rebuilding of the ruins of the old castle on the hill of Zollern. Poets, artists and scholars inspired by Romanticism found a sympathetic reception at the King's court, to which they were

drawn by the ardour of his vigorous—and in the noblest sense, German-feeling—spirit.

What wonder if great hopes were set on this powerfully gifted personality, and if from him was expected the final solution of the ever-more threatening, because still unravelled, internal problems of the State!

On the occasion of the people's homage in front of the Palace in Berlin after his accession to the throne, when the crowd shouted out the jubilant "Yes," the King had enthusiastically exclaimed: "The 'Yes' is mine," feeling himself at one with his people. The event is perpetuated by one of the paintings in the Berlin Palace.

But Europe was in a thoroughly disturbed state. In France revolution had broken out once more. The "big Germany" idea stirred men's souls. Men wanted to be absolutely "German." Memories of the Old Empire sprang to life, and the students in the Universities became the pre-eminent torch-bearers of the struggling new ideas.

The so-called "old colours of the Empire," the Black, Red and Gold already worn by Students' Associations, were adopted. Here, however, there was an error. Black, Red and Gold were never the colours of the old German Empire, for it never had any colours, as such, at all. These colours were taken over by the Students' Associations, on their formation, from the uniform of the Lützow volunteers, a black coat with red facings and gold braid.

They sang, they wrote and they debated, and the word "liberty" began to play a part in their activities. A spirit such as this—and it was everywhere making itself felt—was absolutely antipathetic and opposed to the mentalities of bureaucratic governments still cramped by Metternich's narrow views. Yes, as time went on, governments even called in the police to stifle it.

To the chaotically distributed portions of the former Empire Austria still meant a great deal, but no word of redemption came

forth from her. Frederick William IV's firm and honourable purpose was to remain on a good footing with Vienna. His attitude to Austria, determined by his romantic ideas of the Middle Ages, was roughly the following: "Austria ought to play an authoritative part in the old-established Empire. Prussia ought to be the Sword of the Empire, and as such to stand at Austria's, that is at the Emperor's disposal."

A Prussian King ruled by such a principle could naturally not be expected to fill a leading rôle in the German intellectual movement, for in the course of its development this movement was inevitably bound to come into opposition and friction with the Austrian Government.

For although the Hapsburg-Lottringens' chief interest was still, as ever, in the miscellaneous collections of lands that formed their "family power," they were, nevertheless, quite unwilling to yield up their influence in the German lands of the former Con-

federation of the Rhine to an increasingly strong Prussia. So the original German Empire was not re-established in its old form, and at the same time endless intrigues prevented its unification and consolidation under the leadership of Prussia, should Prussia qualify for the leadership or show herself determined to acquire it. Secret international forces were at work everywhere in Europe stirring up discontent.

The world of literature and thought now gave birth to an attempt at achieving union. Writers, thinkers, scholars, artists, philosophers and lawyers gathered together to resurrect the Empire. It was an assembly of specially picked brains, such as had hardly ever before met together on German soil. Permeated with the best of wills, patriotic at heart and tackling its task with great earnestness, the assembly in the Pauls Kirche awakened great hopes. There were speeches and debates; formulas were laid down, schemes were drawn up, proclama-

tions were issued, and there was much intensive thought. All this labour, however, proved in vain. It is true that a mission was sent to offer the Imperial Crown to Frederick William IV. He declined it—and very rightly—but in doing so appeared in the eyes of the public to have declined the leadership of the German cause. An Empire cannot be fashioned out of speeches and ideas, it has to be built up temperately and objectively by deeds.

The year 1848 brought the poor King poignantly bitter disillusionment. His people's one time "Yes" turned itself into a "No." According to the reports of many eye-witnesses, his behaviour during the days of the March Revolution was uncertain and wavering. Prince William of Prussia, nominated Military Governor of the Rhineland, hurried to Berlin to support his Royal brother, but soon came into severe conflict with him. He finally threw his sword down at the King's feet in the Star room of the

Palace in Berlin, full of indignation at the King's weakness in refusing to give the order for further interference by the troops, who had already gained the upper hand. The minister, von Bodelschwingh, then already dismissed, had not been able to wring this decision out of the King, in spite of all his entreaties that he should remain firm and suppress the revolt. In the memoirs of General von Willisen (†Darmstadt), which were acquired for the archives during my reign, the General boasts that it was he (at that time Chief of Staff to my grandfather in Coblenz) who strengthened the King in his resolve to give way, and actually extracted from him the order for the withdrawal of the already-victorious troops from Berlin, wrote it out and got it signed. In civilian dress he then carried this order to the troops, who obeyed, though with indignation and bitterness in their hearts. The details of the events in the Palace during the days of the March Revolution make very

interesting reading. The hatred of the populace, stirred up by foreign agents and inciters — (when the 1st Foot Guards stormed the barricades in the Breitestrasse and took the confectioner's shop "D'Heureuse" and the "Cologne Rathaus" the strong detachments of revolutionaries in occupation of these buildings asked the Guards for quarter in Polish and French) — was directed most violently against my grandfather, who was compelled to flee from the country in danger of his life, for the King was not able to protect him. He met with a very friendly reception in England.

The result of 1848 was an Anglo-French constitutional-monarchy, with a parliament, and ministerial responsibility. It thrust the old patriarchial-monarchy aside and left only a limited amount of power in the sovereign's hands. The seeds of death for the Prussian monarchy were sown in the March days of 1848.

It must be particularly emphasised that

the clever, courageous Queen Elizabeth stood by the King's side during those bitter days, and did her best to persuade him to remain firm. His Russian brother-in-law, Tsar Nicholas I, the suppressor of the bloody Dekabrist Revolution, was incensed over the events in Berlin, and attempted to help William IV in all sorts of ways; yes, he even went so far as to order Count Dorner, the Prussian general in command of East Prussia, to march on Berlin and free the King. The curt reply came back: "A Prussian general only marches at the command of his King."

In Dresden, too, revolution raised its head. It was suppressed in the end with the assistance of some regiments of Prussian Guards.

The King never recovered from the year 1848; the disillusionment was too great, and his noble, kingly heart was broken with grief.

The Ministers who took over the reins of government, as a consequence of the new

system, did not come up to the expectations that had been aroused. They were not equal to their task. After endless intrigues and counter-intrigues the political game with Austria finally led to the defeat of Ollmütz, where Prussian policy ended in a total fiasco. In the "Empire" an Archduke had become "Regent of the Empire," and in Frankfurt a body called the Federal Diet met together, which, with its long-drawn-out negotiations and deliberations, gradually won for itself the same renown as the Imperial Diet of Regensburg of blessed memory.

Most of the important decisions found Prussia in a minority, for the greater number of the princes belonging to the "Empire" stood by Austria. The Prussian delegate to the Federal Diet, von Bismarck, had finally to make up his mind on the following points:—(1) That Prussia and Austria could no longer continue to exist side by side in Germany, and that, therefore, one of the two

would have to quit the field; (2) That a reunion of the German races could only be effected with "blood and iron," under the leadership of Prussia. Frederick William IV's government showed little likelihood of effecting that!

With England the King was on a good footing. He kept up a vigorous exchange of ideas with the Prince Consort and with Her Majesty the Queen, and also maintained active intercourse with the Prince's brother, Ernest Duke of Coburg.

It was the age of "memorials." Everyone felt himself obliged to draw up a "memorial" on every conceivable sort of question—no matter how trivial—and to circulate it in his own particular circle of acquaintances. In this respect the memoirs of my Uncle Ernest Duke of Coburg are astounding. The Prince Consort, as a Coburg, occupied himself intensively with the German question, as is disclosed in his correspondence with the King, in which he makes proposals for its

solution. But—as Hintzpeter pointed out to me—the Prince Consort was never quite in sympathy with the idea of Prussia's authoritative leadership.

A journey to Italy gave Frederick William IV unusual pleasure, and inspired him with architectural projects and plans for ornamental grounds. On his return, he often took delight, after dinner, in relating his impressions of this journey, particularly of Rome and of the splendour of the old Papal State. One of his listeners once remarked: "How wonderful it would be if the people of Berlin could be given the opportunity of seeing the Pope drawn by his cream-coloured horses and the cardinals in their State-coaches drive along the 'Linden.' What a pleasant break it would make in the grey humdrum, everyday life of Berlin!" The King raised his lorgnette to his eyes, fixed them on the speaker and answered curtly: "You're quite wrong, my dear friend! The excitement would last just about a week,

after which the Berliners would bombard the Pope and his cardinals with rotten apples and hiss them away. For the Berliners always make everything seem paltry, they can't do anything else, they would make the Pope and his cardinals seem paltry, too."

Latterly the King grew corpulent, and his health began to weaken. The illness that was to cloud his once so brilliant and active mind finally overtook him at a great fête in Wethin. In the middle of a vigorously begun speech the King suddenly lost his lines and had to break off. An expression of resigned melancholy is clearly visible on the portraits of him during this last period. When another journey to Italy had failed to bring the hoped-for improvement, Prince William of Prussia, by this time home again from England, was called upon to act as Prince Regent for the now incapable sovereign, until a peaceful death put an end to the King's sufferings.

Anyone who wants to obtain a general

view of King Frederick William IV's period, of the people he had to deal with, of the men who lived, thought, wrote, poetised or otherwise made their influence felt, in his days, should visit the room in our Hohenzollern Museum devoted to King Frederick William IV. A handsome collection of excellent portraits shows the visitor a number of intellectually important men who were both ornaments to their country and the friends of their King.

THE OLD EMPEROR

"THE OLD EMPEROR"

After acting as regent for the sick King for a short time the regent Prince William of Prussia became Prussia's ruler. He was well prepared for it in every respect. Brought up by a loving incomparable mother he had, as a boy, experienced the terrible collapse of his Fatherland, and lived through its degradation and servitude under Napoleon. It was his mother's glad faith and brave hope that guided him through the fearful first years of the French period of occupation and steeled him to unshakable trust in God and in reverential humble obedience to Him. He walked with firm steps in the paths ordained by God, whether stony and beset with trials or bathed in the sunshine of glory, and thus ripened into simple and unassuming greatness. Conscious of his heavy responsibility he brought calm deliberation and just discrimination to bear on the age, men, and

affairs, and surveyed everything with keen penetration. Friendly generosity combined with manly firmness; unswerving loyalty to his word and winning good nature, were the characteristics that called forth devoted love from his family, esteem from those less nearly related, and always and everywhere respect from anyone who came into contact with King William.

A life rich in experiences lay behind him. The death of his splendid mother, whom he had loved above everyone, was a bitter blow, and was certainly the cause of the seriousness by which his whole life was marked. That picture of the dying Queen Louise, imprinted on his boyish soul at a very early age, never left him. Prussia's rebirth set his heart aflame, for he looked upon it as one of the results of the spirit Louise had left behind her.

When the nation, aspiring once more, made its crowning effort against Napoleon, he took part in the campaign as aide-de-

camp to his father. At the Battle of Bar-sur-Aube his royal father gave him permission, owing to the shortage of other officers, to carry out the duties of a mounted aide-de-camp to Tsar Alexander I, and he had to take an order from the Tsar to the Imperial Russian Infantry Regiment Kaluga. This regiment was at such close grips with the enemy that its regimental headquarters were in the front line. There the young courageous prince sought out the regimental commander and—as the latter told the Tsar later—delivered his message verbally with imperturbable calmness and cold-blooded bravery in the midst of a fierce storm of bullets. Alexander I rewarded his conduct with the Cross of St. George, which, however, the young prince was not allowed to wear until he had first received the Prussian Iron Cross from his father. In relating this episode my grandfather used to say: "My father said, 'Young people should not be spoiled, or they will become too pre-

sumptuous; he only did his duty, though he carried himself well.' "

Then came the entry into Paris! Prince William's letters from Paris are very entertaining, both for their descriptions of the entry, and for the impressions he received of Paris and of its inhabitants; of the fêtes and other things. They were published in von Oncken's book on the hundredth anniversary of the Emperor William's birthday.

In the succeeding long period of peace the Prince went through the stages of a military career. He sometimes humorously described to me what care had to be taken in preparing for inspections and parades, and how he, too, used to wait with beating heart for the moment when he would have to pass before the stern glance of his royal father and Supreme War Lord.

The son's relations with his strict father, however, were soon put to a severe test. Prince William's heart had begun to glow with warm affection for the lovely, sweet

young Princess Eliza, of the house of Radziwill, who returned his affection with like ardour. Two noble souls that seemed made for each other had united in gracious harmony. Reasons of state, however, soon raised an insuperable obstacle. The lawyers who were called in to advise the King produced indisputable proof of the inferior rank of the princely house of Radziwill, and it followed that the marriage was out of the question, for no son of such a union would be able to inherit the throne. This situation was the cause of bitter hours of mental strife and outward conflict for both father and son. The head of the house had to decide between the desire to fulfil the longing of his dear son's heart and the necessity for maintaining the family laws for reasons of State. On the other hand, the young Prince saw himself confronted with the choice either of giving rein to his affection, or of renouncing his hopes, and submitting to his father's decision as head of his family and represen-

tative of his family's laws. Both father and son fought bitterly and suffered greatly. But at length, though with a bleeding heart, the son recognised the justice of his royal father's standpoint, and sorrowfully renounced the life's happiness on which he had set his hopes. Thus he, too, was steadfast to the Hohenzollern - Prussian "Categorical Imperative of Duty." Duty to his House and to the State weighed with Prince William above everything, even above his most inward personal wishes, and was expressed by obedience to his father, the head of his family and his King. Of Princess Elizabeth, who was soon to depart from life while still quite young, my grandfather cherished the most faithful memory. He never forgot her.

From that time there was always warm friendship between the members of our royal House and those of the princely House of Radziwill. One of the truest of the true among those of them who were able to

dedicate their services to my grandfather was his aide-de-camp Prince Anton Radziwill. In Ems in 1870 he stood faithfully at his King's side.

Later Prince William took as consort the Princess Augusta from the princely House of Weimar. She lived through the most brilliant period of Prussia's glory, and her spirit worked with effect in the newly created Imperial splendour of Germany.

The charitable activities of German women united in great associations, such as the "Rotes Kreuz," the "Vaterländische Frauenverein" and the "Frauenhilfe" are a speaking memorial to her wide vision, great sense and conscious will. Nor was she spared hard times. The ways the leaders of Prussia were often compelled to take were often not the ways she would have taken, and this significant woman's great mind had frequently to cope with many a hard problem of self-mastery, when all her strength of character would be called into play to find a

solution. Everyone who had the privilege of approaching this Princess admired her character. She was still fanned by the wings of the spirit of the great Olympian of Weimar.*

To Prince William, nominated military-governor of the Rhineland, the year 1848 brought bitter disillusionment, personal affliction and the sour taste of hateful ingratitude. He was forced to leave Berlin, to leave his country. His palace became "the property of the Nation." The narrative of his flight over the Pfaueninsel and Spandau, and then across country, in part on foot, through field and meadow, forest and thicket, to the Mecklenburg frontier, and thence via Hamburg to England and the court of my grandmother, sounded like a romance out of the Middle Ages when my grandfather used to tell it to me—in detail. He was never able to forget the behaviour of the inhabitants of the capital. Once in

* *Goethe.*

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I

From a painting by P. Bülow Reproduced in the Hohenzollern Year-book 1897

Berlin, standing at the window with my grandfather, I was enjoying the sight of the cheering crowd, assembled to watch the changing of the guard, when, looking out at them, he said: "It is better so than it was when the Berliners hunted me out. I shall never forget that as long as I live."

Now the King was at the helm, and able himself to set the course for the ship of State, though, to be sure, his powers as a ruler were greatly limited by the "responsible ministry" which, from 1848 onwards, helped to steer the ship.

After many unsuccessful attempts had been made at solving the problems of home affairs, at clarifying the situation with regard to Austria, and at promoting the "big Germany" idea, von Bismarck became leading minister. As delegate to the Federal Diet he had had opportunity enough to study all the wretchedness of the so-called Federal Government *ex fundamentis loco.*

It is true that one event showed the rela-

tionship with Austria in a favourable light. The short campaign of 1864 led Prussian and Austrian regiments to battle shoulder to shoulder against the Danes, to put an end once and for all to their oppression of Schleswig-Holstein and of the House of Augustenburg, the years 1848-49 having left this unaccomplished. My father received his baptism of fire riding beside the Duke of Württemberg at the head of the famous Black and Yellow Brigade (Meiningen Regiment, Belgian Infantry Regiment). The taking of the Düppler fortifications was for those days an achievement of the first rank. These strong works, which were supported from the water by Danish warships, were taken by the Prussian Infantry—young regiments of Guards and old Line regiments—in the first assault, in spite of the extremely energetic and heroic resistance of the defenders. For this the army had to thank its King, who had exerted himself in a hard struggle with Parliament to obtain

reforms, plans for which had already been in existence for several years. The greatest work that King William I did for Prussia was the creation of the new Prussian army. While still Prince he had thoroughly criticised, in innumerable memoranda, exposés, and reports, all the weaknesses in the composition and training of the army that had crept in during the long period of peace, and had made proposals for fundamental improvements. Exhibiting all the perseverance of an experienced general convinced of the rightness of his standpoint, and all the tenacity of a sovereign fully aware of what was necessary for Prussia's future political power, he fought against the short-sighted Parliament with the energetic and unqualified support of von Bismarck and General von Roon. 1864 was a test, and a brilliant justification, of the chosen reforms. The King found that he could rely on his Corps of Officers. They understood how to train his troops, how to animate them with the

King's spirit, how to inspire them with enthusiasm for setting life and limb unhesitatingly at stake in deeds for Prussia's sake. They surprised Germany and roused Europe into envious astonishment. "Fridericus Rex, our King and master," was sung again, along with "Sea-girt Schleswig-Holstein." Frederick's spirit marched once more, invisibly, before Prussia's victorious banners.

The joint occupation of Schleswig-Holstein by Prussia and Austria and the differences in their political attitudes towards the House of Augustenburg gave rise to friction. There was tension between Vienna and Berlin. After two unedifying years, during which Vienna intrigued and skirmished in Frankfurt-on-Main to rouse feeling in Germany as much as possible against Prussia and to win allies against her; and after energetic struggles at home over the question of Army Reform, the tension snapped and there was war. This period leading up to

1866 was for King William—as historical records show — a time of difficult mental strife. He fought his problems out like an earnest man, true to his duty, with the one aim always in mind—the good of the State. He had never known any other.

The policy followed by my grandfather and Bismarck during the sixties has been condemned in many quarters, Austria included, as "Macchiavellianism." I emphatically repudiate that suggestion. The "Great King" wrote the "Anti-Macchiavell" when he was still a young man. It was the leading principle of the "Genius of Potsdam." It permeated our House and the actions of our house were determined by it alone. King William I of Prussia was far removed from "Macchiavellianism," and it was the same with his statesman and adviser, a man who made the memorable remark: "Every believing Christian has daily personal audience with his God."

War!—Only two years before the Austrian

troops, in their glossy snow-white uniforms, had marched through Berlin amid the cheers of the populace. From the window of our palace in Berlin, as a child, I saw the 34th Royal Hungarian Regiment (called the King of Prussia's "Prussian Infantry") march past its Chief on the Opernhausplatz. An unforgettable sight. And now suddenly they were to be our enemies! My childish brain could hardly grasp that fact.

The final political stages before the war showed clearly whither things were leading. Field-Marshal von Loe, the trusted friend of the King and of Queen Augusta, has supplied much important information about this period from conversations he had with my grandfather, which unfortunately has not yet been paid the attention it deserves.

Vienna's envoys crowded the courts of the German princes. They occupied themselves a great deal with Kassel and Hannover, and, as it appears, not without offering them parts of Prussia, who was to be dismembered. The

North, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, stood by Prussia. Coburg wavered. Hesse, Bavaria, Württemberg and Saxony declared against her. It was the same again as in Frederick's days. For fear that Prussia might later acquire the leading position, the petty German interests preferred to act with an outsider against the one single German State, that had shown it possessed an efficient army and was ready to use it in the interests of Germany as a whole against enemies on German soil. The crowns dispensed by Napoleon's hand led their wearers into the fallacy: that because they ruled over "Kingdoms," these were, therefore, "independent nations." Whereas they were *de facto* nothing but different branches of the German nation over which the "Kings" had already ruled for many years as Dukes and Electors, and which, taken as a body, still formed the German Nation. In 1870 the new Empire gave us back the German Nation. But in 1866 sentence was pronounced against

Prussia by the confederates. The Confederate army of Germany was mobilised against Prussia, and concentrated and placed under the supreme command of Austria.

Everywhere among his opponents the King of Prussia saw near and distant relatives, and befriended compeers, banding themselves together against him at the command of the Danubian Empire, which only two years before had been his ally. Was it any wonder, then, that King William, with his strong sense of legitimacy, delayed mobilization longer than von Bismarck and the new Chief of the General Staff, von Moltke, held to be consistent with Prussia's safety?

The attitude of the Guelph court in Hanover in particular gave the King bitter pain, quite apart from the military danger, when he was obliged to recognise that Hanover could not be convinced or won over. Vienna's enticements were too alluring; they worked

too effectively; against them the advice and warning of intelligent Hannoverians were powerless.

And so there broke out the War of 1866, for which the Prussian Parliament felt itself bound to refuse credits.

The first blows followed quickly one after another in a strikingly short time. On the 3rd June, 1866, came the great Battle of Königgrätz. The King himself was with the army of his nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, who suffered heavily from the vigorous attacks of the valiant Austrian army, until my father, the Crown Prince, carrying out the orders brought him the night before from the King by the aide-de-camp Count Finkenstein, reached the battlefield by forced marches at just the right moment and settled the issue decisively. For this he received the "Pour le Mérite" the same evening from the King's hand.

At the conclusion of Peace in Nikolsberg

King William followed Bismarck's shrewd advice, which was strongly supported by the Crown Prince. He refrained, though with a heavy heart, from annexations, from a triumphal entry into Vienna, and from demanding back the much-longed-for Brandenburg lands of Ansbach-Bayreuth, thus showing clever foresight for his coming task of uniting Germany under his leadership.

Hanover's destiny was determined at Langenalza. Her King, in spite of all the entreaties and offers that were made to him, even during the night before the battle, remained inflexible in his enmity. Some extremely interesting particulars about these events have been published by General von Einem, the former Minister of War.

In the South, too, in the Germany of the Rhineland Confederation, the Prussian eagles were everywhere victorious.

The Prussian King's lately reorganized army had entirely fulfilled the cherished

expectations; and that, too, under his personal leadership.

Roon, as Minister of War, and von Moltke, as Chief of the General Staff, greatly distinguished themselves. Moltke, Roon, Bismarck were thenceforward a triad of Paladins round the King. Subordinate leaders, too, whose names have ever since been kept alive in the army, came into prominence: the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, and along with them, Steinmetz, Goeben, Manteuffel, Fransecky. Hohenzollern blood was shed. Prince Charles Antony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen was severely wounded whilst fighting in the foremost ranks of the 1st Footguards, at the assault of Rosberitz. He was carried to the house of a peasant and saved from being taken prisoner by Ensign von Woyrsch, who offered himself as a substitute. He died a few days later. The ensign became one of the most successful commanders on the Eastern front during the

World War, a Field-Marshal with Austrian troops under him. The King's aide-de-camp, Baron Hiller von Gaertringen, also died a hero's death at Königgrätz.

There is a splendid, vigorously written, book by Friedjung dealing with the War for the leadership of 1866, containing an epic description of the Battle of Königgrätz. It should be expressly noted that both sides conducted the war throughout in a knightly and gentlemanly fashion. For members of the same family stood opposite each other sword in hand. Several fine anecdotes still live as witnesses of the chivalrous conduct shown by foe to foe.

Now at last the issue was decided. Austria ceased to take any part in the internal politics of Germany. Austria had now to devote herself to the formation of a new independent State out of the miscellaneous collection of territory that once formed her "family power." This task was all the more difficult now that the Holy Roman Empire

no longer existed. When she was acquiring the territories of her "family-power," the forces of the Empire's various States had been at Austria's disposal, but now a barrier had been set up between Austria and the new Germany that was in the process of building.

By the Silvester charter of the year 1851 Schwarzenberg joined the Habsburg family lands together in a rigid unitary state under the personal government of the Head of the House of Habsburg. In accordance with the Kübeck scheme this Head, the Emperor Francis Joseph, was constituted the sole autocratic ruler of the Habsburg unified State.

In him was incorporated all the concentrated authoritative power of government for the whole of the Habsburg unitary empire. Neither the thousand-year-old Constitution of Hungary, nor the Constitution of the Kingdom of the Croats and Slovenes, nor the State Constitutions of the hereditary

German and Bohemian lands were given any place in it. The Emperor Francis Joseph's position resembled, *mutatis mutandis,* the position of the first King of Prussia.

This autocratically ruled Empire of the Habsburgs was raised to the level of a European Great Power outside Germany.

In 1867 under the influence of Deaks and Andrassy it was transformed into a Dual monarchy, and thenceforth German-Austria and Hungary departed from their common basis.

The Arch-Duke Francis Ferdinand often explained to me the plans he had in mind for converting the Dual-Monarchy, through the stage of a Triple-Monarchy, into a Federal State of autonomous nationalities with full equality of privileges, under his sovereignty; but they all came to naught owing to his murder and the resulting World War.

Right throughout the complex Austro-Hungarian territories German lands and German inhabitants were far inferior in ex-

tent and numbers to other nationalities, and German-Austria, with her citizens dreaming of Liberalism, was too weak to exert any directive influence on the heterogeneous non-German elements. This being so the Kingdom of Hungary ought to have been chosen as the basis for the new Austro-Hungarian State. The Hungarians' vigorous sense of National feeling, their intelligence and glowing patriotism should have been used to put fresh life into the State, to quicken its pulse and to lead the way towards new goals in the East.

On the first occasion that Prince Bismarck met H.M. the Emperor Francis Joseph after the war he accurately appraised the situation to the Emperor in the following words, "Your Imperial Majesty must transfer your centre of gravity to Budapest."

When speaking to me about conditions in Austria-Hungary my grandfather often used to say:—"I do not understand Vienna. Instead of residing for long periods at a time

in the Castle of Ofen and fostering firm lasting spiritual affinities with the Hungarians, the Emperor only pays fleeting visits there. In the long run that will annoy the Hungarians. It will create a feeling that they are being neglected. Her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth, with her sharp sense, has realised this and does all she can personally to further good relations with the Hungarians. It is a pity that more attention is not paid to her sound, judicious opinions."

The North German Confederation was formed, the Customs-Parliament convened. All stages on the way towards the uniting of German forces under Prussia's leadership for the achievement of the final goal: a German Empire with a German Emperor at its head. Relations with the Courts and families south of the line of the river Main were now fostered more thoroughly than ever.

At last the hour approached that God had ordained for the fulfilment of the German

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III
Photograph by Baruch, Court photographers

peoples' longing for the erection of a great uniform Empire. The neighbour on the West could no longer bear to watch the development of hated Prussia. The close accord in Germany was becoming more and more perceptible. The fame of 1866 gave the French no rest. Prussia was to be "humbled," because the Grande Nation was in danger of being thrust into the shade! *D'abord avilir, puis détruire* was the word in Paris. The candidature of the Hereditary Prince Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain served as a pretext. Then came the "Brusquer le Roi" episode on the Ems Kurpromenade, provoked by the French Ambassador by order from Paris. With the applause of the whole Prussian Nation, whom this piece of insolence had thoroughly enraged, King William I took up the gauntlet Napoleon III had flung down. The fire swept over the line of the Main and set all German hearts ablaze. On his visit to the South the Crown-Prince, whose Army ap-

pointment included the command of the South-German troops, was greeted with enthusiasm. Most affecting was the King's departure from Berlin, deeply-moving the leave-taking at the New Palace. My father wanted to win back the Imperial Crown for the German Nation. Great was the excitement throughout the whole country, in town and village. The "Watch on the Rhine," along with "Oh Strassburg," sounded over field and meadow, forest and lake. Later also "King William." As a child I used to sing all these songs with my playfellows and "Prince Eugen, the noble knight" too. The power that gripped the souls of everyone, high and low, young and old, is indescribable.

Before going into the field to fight for the existence or non-existence of his Fatherland, King William took leave of his parents, praying before their tombs in the silent mausoleum in Charlottenburg, uplifted by the knowledge that all the different Princes and

racial-branches of Germany were at his back.

The first blows were struck by my father. Weissenburg and Wörth! And at evening, in the blazing village of Elsasshausen, the Crown-Prince was greeted for the first time with the thunderous shout from the throats of the Württembergers: "Long live the future German Emperor." These brave Swabians had the same thought as he had then! They too were fighting for the renewal of Imperial unity, and could acclaim the Prussian Prince without jealousy, whilst the cheering Prussians brought him the first captured standard. But no one realised then how important the victories of Weissenburg and Wörth were, both for the general course of the War and for the safety of Prussia and Germany. Of that more later. A fierce struggle followed at Metz, in which one part of the enemy's army was shut up. And at Sedan another part of their army had to lay down its weapons, the Emperor

Napoleon III surrendering his sword to the King, who was present with the Crown-Prince's Army. Napoleon was given "knightly captivity" in Wilhemshöhe, one of the most beautiful of German castles.

Paris, the capital, was besieged. Metz fell, and at last Paris had to capitulate, though after much bitter fighting, for the French people made stubborn defence of their land.

Before the walls of Paris, in the Mirror Hall of Versailles, in the Galerie de Glaces, was proclaimed the great achievement of this mighty war for the unification of the German peoples, whose common blood had been poured out on the soil of France, the framework binding them everlastingly together—the German Empire!

The German Emperor! The son of Louise; the man who could remember Jena; who had seen his beloved mother die in the Fatherland still under the enemy's yoke; who had fought in the Wars of Liberation,

and had had to flee in 1848; this man, victor of Königgrätz and Metz and Sedan, was recognised by the German Princes as German Emperor on the 18th January in the Palace of the *Roi soleil,* whose halls were consecrated to *toutes les gloires de la France.* "By God's grace, what a change!" For such facts, for such events as these, the occurrences of a single century, members of our House ought to bend the knee to God in reverence and gratitude.

How was it that such a mighty event, such a battle of the Titans, could take place in Europe without active intervention by the other European Powers? The Emperor William I had kept alive the old traditional friendship with Russia and he was also bound to Russia by friendly family relations with his nephew Alexander II. So that there was nothing to fear from Russia. But Austria? How did it happen that Vienna did not seize this opportunity to pay back the debt of 1866 by joining France? One

reason was the attitude of Alexander II, who made it known that he would suffer no disturbance of Prussia. That had a powerful influence on Vienna's decision. But there was also another reason.

In his Memoirs General le Brun tells us that a secret pact had been made between Paris and Vienna for the event of a Franco-Prussian war, according to the terms of which Austria pledged herself to attack Prussia in the rear, as soon as the French reached the Rhine. When the French occupied Weissenburg and Wörth in Alsace at the beginning of the War, Paris called on Vienna to act, on the ground that the French troops "were on the Rhine." But Vienna let it be known that she would not move until the French "were over the Rhine." When this was prevented by the Crown-Prince of Prussia's victories at Weissenburg and Wörth, Vienna gave up the plan of co-operation with Paris altogether. But it is clear that the idea of "revenge for

Sadowa" did exist in a firm shape. The Austrians would have preferred to fall on their German brothers in the rear, as allies of France, the hereditary enemy, against whom the Germans were fighting, and who had done so much harm to Austria in the past. She was ready to draw her sword against the German peoples over whom the ancestors of her reigning House had ruled for so many centuries, against the German Princes, who had been allied to Austria as recently as 1866, and who were now at last in mind to act together under Prussia's leadership for the welfare of Germany. Both Paris and Vienna speculated on a repetition of Rossbach and the Confederation of the Rhine.

The victorious troops' homecoming and triumphal entry left unfadeable impressions on my boyish mind. I attempted to record them in my book, "My Early Life."

In all the celebrations which followed, when emotions ran high, my grandfather,

King and Emperor William I, always preserved his simple, serious manner. He remained deliberate and purposeful, dignified and courteous. These traits seemed to me very characteristically expressed at the affecting concluding ceremony after the entry into Berlin, when, shining sword in hand, he commanded the victorious troops to present arms to the unveiled statue of his father, Frederick William III, in the Berlin Lustgarten, and then ordered the captured French standards to be laid on the steps of the monument at the King's feet. Deadly silence reigned in the square. Never to my last breath shall I forget the expression on my grandfather's countenance as he stood at the salute gazing into the bronze face of the statue. To me it said: "Father I have done my duty. The shame done to you, to my dear Mother and to our poor Fatherland is washed away. Germany has become one and greets you through me!"

How, as I grew up, the imposing, awe-

inspiring figure of my grandfather came by degrees into my horizon as a boy and then as a young man, and how his personal influence on me increased as the years passed by I have attempted to describe in "My Early Life." A repetition is unnecessary. As was in accordance with the laws of our family, the grandson was just as immediately dependent on his grandfather as his father was. The King fixed and controlled the establishments of all the Princes of the Royal House, no matter to what generation they belonged.

So I too was financially dependent on my grandfather, not on my father. The result of that was that I had to approach the King himself for any supplementary allowances required for journeys and so on, which my regular allowance would not cover, and the King retained to himself the right to decide whether the expense was to be passed as justifiable or refused as purposeless. In this way I lost the chance of making an educa-

tional journey to Egypt I had planned at the end of my time in Bonn, and also, later on, the opportunity of accompanying my father as a member of his staff on his visit to Spain. For on both occasions the King refused me the leave and the means that would have given me a glimpse of Karnak and Gizeh in the land of the Pharaohs and of the splendour of the Alhambra in the land of the chivalrous Hidalgos. Our House's "Categorical Imperative of Duty" came to me as an iron command from my grandfather, requiring me to employ my powers in rigorous army service instead of expending them on excursions which, though instructive would also be distracting. I obeyed, without a quiver of the eyelids; and I have never regretted it. For through remaining at home, and through my parents being away so much in the south during the Emperor's old age, more and more opportunities were afforded me for coming into close contact with my grandparents and for

gaining their loving confidence in an affectionate way.

It was permitted me to share great emotional moments of world importance with the Emperor William, for example the consecration of Cologne Cathedral and the dedication of the Niederwald memorial. On such occasions as these the depth and simple grandeur of his speeches always touched the heart. At dinners and festivities in the various provinces during the Imperial manœuvres I was able to observe the diversity of his expression, the force of his utterance, the arresting pithiness of his speech, and the winning affability of his simple friendly bearing. The enthusiastic and well-deserved love everywhere evinced by the people gave to his expressive blue eyes a look of moving and humble gratitude as though they were always trying to say: "Not me, but Him above, whose tool I am."

The Emperor William I's distinguished bent of mind was also shown in his political

opinions. Compelled by the constitutional system to leave the conduct of policy to the leading minister, who had now attained great heights of power, the Emperor nevertheless retained the unprejudiced freedom of his clear sober judgment, based on his sound knowledge of men. The Universal Franchise—due to Bismarck's idea of recompense for the years of conflict in 1861-66, after the tag *acheronta movebo*—was absolutely disapproved of by the Emperor. It was against all his convictions and traditions. The "Kulturkampf" gave pain to his innermost soul, for in his house "*Suum cuique*" was the dominant rule of conduct. As far as the "Kulturkampf" was concerned the Empress Augusta was indefatigable in softening bitterness, building bridges and finding compromises, and her activities in this cause were always fully approved of by her husband.

In foreign affairs good relations with Russia held first place with the Emperor

William. He was even prepared to suffer personal mortification in order to maintain them. He stood true to his alliance to Austria, though the conclusion of the treaty with Vienna caused him many bitter hours of mental conflict, for he did not want to see his relations with St. Petersburg disturbed. In "My Early Life" I attempted to convey an idea of my grandfather's attitude to Russia towards the end of his reign, based on what he told me. Unfortunately this attitude was not reciprocated by the other side to the degree that the Emperor had hoped.

Great Britain's Imperialistic Policy, which was beginning to make itself felt in the world more and more strongly, filled him with mistrust, and the annexation of Egypt raised his indignation. But he was ever bound to H.M. Queen Victoria by the ties of a sincere family relationship, in respectful regard and gratitude for the friendship he had enjoyed as a guest in 1848.

His heart beat under his military coat

with ardent love for his splendid army, gratefully recognizing its valiant services, up to the last day of his life. He attended manœuvres as long as his health permitted and the conclusions of his ever pertinent criticisms were not always praise and commendation but sometimes full of frank, unhesitating blame. When in 1886, the Minister of War, General von Bronsart, laid a proposal before the Emperor for the simplification of the army's peacetime uniform, the King rejected it with the remark: "If I had enough money I would provide every soldier with a special uniform as gay and bright as possible and say to him: 'Your suit is better than anyone else's!' In peace as gay and bright as possible, in war as simple as possible." As my father used to say, "For war a hunter's jacket; for parade full-dress."

His relations with the Evangelical Church were close and firm—in accord with his general attitude towards religion—and he

always impressed the clergy with his humility and gratitude to God.

His working powers were astounding; at times he would continue far into the night examining the petitions which flowed to him in their hundreds. As he said on his death bed, "I have no time to be tired." Thus spoke the "first Servant of the State" out of the consciousness of his duty to his profession, the profession of ruling.

The deeply affecting homage accorded him by people, princes and the whole world, on his ninetieth birthday was proof of the mark that his whole life and character had made in the furthest corners of the world, for he was admired and respected everywhere. Love was laid as a gift at his feet. He accepted it with touching lowliness, giving thanks to God whose "simple bailiff in His Principality" was all he desired to be.

As he breathed his last those members of his family still living—with the exception of the bitterly missed son fighting malignant

pain far away in the south—were gathered praying around his bed, and in front of the palace the praying people took leave for ever, with sorrow-filled hearts, from their venerable and truly loved Emperor and King, William. The historical achievements, the overwhelming deeds, accomplished under his reign entitle him with justification to the surname of "the Great!" *Vale senex Imperator!*

And here—with the exception of my father—I bring to an end the series of portraits of my ancestors, portraits which I have only attempted to sketch in a few broad lines. Each of them, according to his own talents, ways and inclinations, used his abilities in some particular sphere. But they were all imbued with this leading idea: to work in their vocation as rulers to the very utmost for the good of the people entrusted to their care, and for the development of the Brandenburg-Prussian State, on the principle of "*Suum cuique*," "to each one his

own," but not "the same thing for everybody."

To spur on every individual Prussian to great achievements by their own example, to secure the greatest possible liberty in all spheres in which these individual achievements might be accomplished, to turn the joint results of these individual achievements to the use and welfare of the whole nation, of the whole state—such were the purposes and, in their realization, the great services of my ancestors, of our House, under whom the German nation has become the great German Empire.

The only thing that can save Prussia and Germany is the principle of the protection of the liberty of the individual to work according to his will and ability. Protection of the man willing to work, and freedom for him to work as long, how, at what, and as much as he likes. That was the liberty enjoyed under the rule of the Zollerns. It is the only true liberty.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III

My grandmother the Empress Augusta (Princess William of Prussia) supervised my father's youth with extreme care. Among his tutors was Curtius, the great historian and enthusiastic herald of classical Hellenism, who became a special and life-long friend. Warm and sincere relationships were maintained too with other friends of his youth, as for example, with the celebrated pastor, von Bodelschwingh, and with a Herrn Passow, father of the well-known doctor who died in Doorn a short time ago—with both of whom he used the familiar "du." Letters written by my father in his youth that witness his affection for this early friend are still treasured by the Passow family.

The evil year 1848 fell in his adolescence. Once, on a visit to the Palace in Berlin, my father showed me the spot where he and his

sister—later the Grand-Duchess of Baden—had lain flat on the floor and looked out through the cracks in the old balcony-door down at the Breite-strasse, where the 1st Guards were fighting, whilst the revolutionaries' bullets crashed through the panes over their heads. It is not surprising that this event left a lasting impression on the boy's mind. He used to tell me sometimes about his years as a student in Bonn, and seeing that his attendant at that time, a pedantic narrow-minded gentleman, had made "his life an absolute Hell," his descriptions were not lacking in a certain chivalry.

He thoroughly enjoyed the life among his brother officers of the dear old 1st Foot Guards. A true good comradeship was always maintained with men he had known well at that time. He used to relate with pride how on one occasion when representing the battalion as regimental-adjutant he had been able to wear an adjutant's sash. It always gave him great pleasure to look back

on the time when he was a regimental commander, in charge of the 11th Grenadiers in Breslau. In a memorial album presented to him by the regiment I remember seeing various photographs of him taken on the drill ground, at gymnastics and on the rifle range. He was fond of interesting himself in the lives of his simple grenadiers, even keeping himself thoroughly informed about their domestic affairs. He was exceptionally loved by his men, because although his discipline was severe it was always accompanied by indisputable justice.

My father's fondness for telling entertaining stories and relating amusing anecdotes from his period of Army Service, showed how fast his heart was rooted in the profession of soldiers.

Politically his clever, highly intellectual mother had brought him up to hold liberal views: and Liberalism was the basis of his opinions. It was strengthened more than ever when he married my mother, the

daughter of the great Queen Victoria of England and the highly-talented, noble-minded Prince Consort, for she had grown up in the midst of British Parliamentary Constitutionalism and introduced its ideas effectively into her husband's world of thought. In time this gave rise to friction with his father and counseller. The names of Danzig and Winter are characteristic of a period that only ended with a very earnest exchange of views between father and son.

The year 1864 brought the War of allied Prussia and Austria against Denmark for the liberation of the Schleswig-Holsteiners from Danish oppression. My father was not given any army command. The appointments were conferred on Wrangel and Prince Frederick Charles. This decision gave him great pain, but although he suffered heavily in soul he never, in his aristocratic way, allowed it to appear on the surface. His young, alert and energetic cousin had many admirers, who thought they had discovered

great military genius in him, and attempted to push him to the fore at my father's cost. This was all the easier for them because for a time during his youth my father was very delicate and had to pass a winter in Italy. That time was used it seems by Prince Charles of Prussia—the King's brother—to propagate the candidature of his son, Prince Frederick Charles, for the throne, in place of the "weakling" heir. Parties were formed—even the officers of the army took sides—some upholding the rights of the Crown Prince inviolable, whilst the others were in favour of an heir-apparent who should be "healthy and capable of work." For this reason there could never be confidence and open friendship between the two cousins, and unfortunately its place was taken by a certain aloofness and mistrust.

My father was heart and soul for the Danish War, though the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein had been a fellow student at Bonn. When the King ordered him to the front to

observe and report on the course of the operations, and allotted him a considerable Staff, he soon had an opportunity to show what sort of a man he was and what he could do. On one occasion he rode in the advance against a Danish position in front of the celebrated Austrian "Black and Gold Brigade" next to the Brigade-Commander, the Duke of Württemberg. The Danes received the approaching Austrian columns with brisk rifle fire. Their rifles were of large calibre and the bullets made a peculiar noise as they passed through the air, something like the buzzing of hornets. When my father, hearing this noise, asked the Duke what the cause of it was, the latter asked him in return whether it was the first time he had ever heard that noise, and when my father answered that it was, the Duke suddenly gave the order: "Halt! . . . Present Arms!" and made his heroic battalions give three cheers for the Crown Prince of Prussia. On my father's astonished question for the

reason of this honour the Duke replied: "Because your Royal Highness had received your baptism of fire in front of my brigade. That buzzing is made by the Danish bullets!"

Thus a Prussian Crown Prince celebrated his baptism of fire in a hail of Danish bullets in front of an Austrian brigade, commanded by a Württemberg duke!

In the course of the campaign the operations led to a fight at the bridge-head at Düppel, which, relatively to conditions of those days, was very strongly fortified. Prince Frederick Charles hesitated to order an assault on it. Heavy artillery and siege *matériel* was brought up and placed in position. But the Prince did not want to take the responsibility for a heavy loss of life and still hesitated. At the King's command the Crown Prince went to his cousin's headquarters to urge him not to delay any longer. The Prince declared that he had not enough troops. Whereupon the Crown Prince

obtained the King's permission to transfer to Düppel the young regiments of Guards who were then in Jutland. When, even after their arrival Prince Frederick Charles still postponed the attack, the Crown Prince brought him an emphatic order from the King to begin it immediately. The Crown Prince extracted this order from the King after a vehement private discussion, so that it was really he who was morally responsible for the young Prussian Army's famous, heroic and classic victory at Düppel.

The very complicated consequences of the Danish War greatly irritated and wearied my father. His feelings were all on the side of the noble, German-minded, distinguished and upright Duke Frederick. The policy followed by Bismarck with regard to the Duchy wounded the Crown Prince's sense of justice—quite apart from State considerations—and he opposed it. When it threatened to lead to conflict with Austria he stood firmly by my grandfather, who was

plunged into a severe struggle between his own inclinations and the advice given him by his minister, for he wanted, if at all possible, to avoid a war with his former ally, and all the more so when the greater number of the South German Princes declared for Austria.

When in 1866 the Austrian troops were already mobilising and the Prussian reserves were being called up the King's opposition to the war, which up till then had been unyielding, led Bismarck into very active adoption of a proposition made him by von Gablenz, who visited him in Berlin in the second half of May. This was a proposal for an Offensive and Defensive Alliance between Austria and Prussia, with reciprocal territorial guarantees. The Emperor of Austria was to be Supreme Head of the allied army in South Germany, the King of Prussia the same in the North. The already mobilising Prussian and Austrian armies and the contingents of the German Princes

were then to unite in a common march over the Rhine against France. And the result was to be: Austria to receive Strassburg, Prussia Mainz! Gablenz carried this proposal joyfully to Vienna and laid it before the Emperor Francis Joseph. It was the realisation of the "Big Germany" idea with the co-operation of Austria. But Emperor Francis Joseph declined it.

With news of that both King and Crown Prince lost all hope of peace and war broke out. At Königgrätz the Crown Prince, acting for the first time as an independent Army commander, brought his hard-pressed cousin the hoped-for aid and decided the issue. The two cousins greeted each other that evening on the battlefield amid the cheers of their victorious troops. Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia had proved his ability as an Army Commander, he had saved his cousin from a position of difficulty. His Chief of Staff was General von Blumenthal, a man in whom he had the fullest confidence.

He still preserved it even when the Austrians published certain captured letters from the General to his wife, which contained remarks about the Crown Prince hardly in keeping with the respect due to him. A fine sidelight on my father's high-mindedness. In 1870 he took him again without hesitation.

In the negotiations leading up to the Peace of Nikolsburg the victor of Königgrätz was able to throw words of weight in the scale. Bismarck's plan was to settle things as quickly as possible, in order to avoid the interference of third parties, and he was therefore prepared to give Austria the best terms possible. But Napoleon III announced his presence and proposed to mix himself up in purely German matters which were no concern of his at all. This was what Bismarck wanted to prevent, and so the King had to renounce wishes, the fulfilment of which he either considered to be a debt due from him to his army (triumphal-entry in Vienna), or else, on a historical basis, due to the tradi-

tions of his House. (Return of the old Brandenburg lands of Ansbach-Bayreuth, stolen in Bavaria in 1810.) In this conflict the Crown Prince stood unwaveringly by Bismarck. He realised very clearly that the interference of the Emperor Napoleon, the representative of the principle of Nationalism, would create a disturbed militaristic political situation, which would lead sooner or later to a dispute with Prussia and Germany. The King followed his son's counsel. His renunciation was well repaid on the outbreak of war in 1870.

So after a short but glorious campaign King and Crown Prince returned home crowned with laurels.

The winter of 1869-70 saw the Crown Prince as representative of the King in the East and in Egypt at the opening of the Suez Canal. He sailed on the royal yacht *Grille*, following behind the Emperor Francis Joseph, who was on board the *Greif*. At the departure a Berlin journalist, the artist

Ludwig Pietsch, fell out of the boat into the water near the *Grille* and was saved and brought on board by a young naval-cadet belonging to the yacht, who jumped in after him. This cadet later became my first Chief of the Naval Council, and from that day dated the hearty friendship of so many years duration between the Crown Prince and that excellent man Pietsch, a friendship that I continued after my accession until his death. Soon after the commencement of the passage through the canal the *Miramar* ran aground, and the *Grille,* passing close by her, came astern the French yacht *Aigle,* carrying the Empress Eugenie, on her way to inaugurate the opening of the Canal. We children and my mother met my father when he landed at Ville Franche on his return from Egypt, and he went back with us to Cannes.

My father's period of active service with the army came to an end in the autumn of 1869 after the Royal manœuvres at Stargard in Pomerania, when he conducted his 2nd

Army Corps brilliantly before his father and Supreme War Lord. On that occasion, to my great joy, I was appointed *à la suite* of the 2nd "King Frederick William IV's" Grenadiers.

The self-control shown by Prussia towards Austria at Nikolsburg did not bear the desired fruit in Vienna. The Habsburgs no longer felt "German" but "European." They suffered from the delusion that the lands of the original Habsburg family-power could be converted into a European Great Power under the autocratic sceptre of the Chief of the House of Habsburg. "Revenge for Sadowa" was prevalent in their political schemes and Paris helped to nourish the idea. Francis Joseph's interview with Napoleon in Salzburg showed which way the wind was blowing, even if no binding political agreements followed from it.

Vienna still continued flirting with Paris out of antagonism to Prussia, blind to the fact that this Prussia had now taken over

the leadership of Germany and the protection of all Germany's interests. So that Habsburg's policy, was not only anti-Prussian but anti-German as well.

The more affairs tended towards a crisis the more the threads were drawn together on the military side in Paris through the Archduke Albrecht, and in the end a military convention was concluded for the event of a Franco-Prussian war, according to the terms of which Austria was to fall on Prussia as soon as the French troops kept their part of the agreement by reaching the Rhine. Of this I have already spoken.

The war came. My father took a hasty farewell from us children and went off to South Germany to take over the command of the South German contingents, which had been attached to his army. For the whole of South Germany had risen to a man and ranged itself at Prussia's side against the old hereditary enemy. In this fight it was: *tua res agitur*. The mistakes of Rossbach and

the Confederation of the Rhine were not repeated this time. This time the Germans were for once and at last united!

The Crown Prince's first two victories, Weissenburg and Wörth destroyed Vienna's hopes; she left France to her fate and did not mobilise.

Whilst Prince Frederick Charles was beleaguering the old German fortress of Metz, in which General Bazaine had been shut up after severe fighting, the Crown Prince struck the decisive blow at Sedan, compelling the Emperor of the French to surrender his sword to King William. In Versailles, in front of France's invested capital, the negotiations then began to decide the form in which the new German Empire was to be moulded. The work was immense. It made almost superhuman demands on Bismarck's skill. It had always been Prussia's and Germany's loss that all the important stages of their development have only been achieved with the accompaniment of great internal

struggles, and it was no different at Versailles, But here Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia placed himself unreservedly on the side of his royal father's First Minister, and helped him faithfully, with skill, energy and great patience; always holding the final goal in view, until the great stake was won. That King William of Prussia was able to be hailed as German Emperor in Louis XIV's "Galerie des Glaces" on the 18th January, 1871, by the united German Princes and the armed detachments of Germans from all the German contingents ranged beneath their rustling victorious banners, was due in no small degree to the work of the then German Crown Prince. The shout of his brave Württembergers on the evening after Wörth, in front of the blazing church of Elsasshausen, "Long live the future German Emperor," had by God's grace become true. The ardent dream with which he had gone into the field, the burning wish of his true and noble German heart had been

fulfilled, and that moreover, by his own decisive help.

At last there was a German Emperor again. The German Empire had arisen rejuvenated from dust and ashes. Barbarossa woke from his long sleep. The Ravens of Kyffhäuser disappeared, and the Treasure of the Nibelungs, the Imperial German Crown, rose again out of the green waters of Father Rhine, into the light of the sun, newly-forged by German hands in the fire of battle, studded with the rubies of German blood and with the diamonds of German loyalty! The Prussian eagle and the old German eagle wheeled their flight together in the pure blue of God's heaven!

Mighty indeed was the impression made by the return home of the troops, and by the reception of the victorious Emperor with his generals and armies in the capital of the Empire. As a Field-Marshal, the Crown Prince carried his well-earned baton for the first time.

The New German Empire was born on the battlefield out of the blood shed in common by Germans of every State, and the German nation won its longed-for unity again under the leadership of a Zollern.

The years of peace that followed the great War of Unification gave the Crown Prince rich opportunities for occupying himself in many different spheres. To his wife and to us children he devoted true love, care and interest. He was an enthusiastic scholar of history, and often supervised our lessons in it. My mother was artistically-talented to her finger tips and he shared her extraordinary æsthetic appreciation and select good taste. His nomination to the position of protector of the Royal Museums gave him great pleasure.

In order that he should be brought into closer contact with Home Affairs and with the most important people responsible for their conduct he was appointed President of the Council of State.

In his heart the German Crown Prince was deeply religious. He was a simple pious man serious about his belief in Christ, and this belief was a source of inexhaustible spiritual and mental power. He held open-minded German views about the Church, the central point of which for him was the mighty and glorious figure of the Redeemer. Being tolerant himself of other creeds and religious opinions, such expressions as "orthodox," "true believer," "sole disposal of the means of grace" were an absolute abomination to him. He hated them because he saw an absolutely un-Christian and over-weening presumption, diametrically opposed to our Lord's principles, in the idea that some were particularly favoured or even had full right to enter Heaven at the cost of others. He used to take us with him not only to the Cathedral but also to other Berlin churches where there were good preachers, and he devoted thorough care to our religious instruction. There was a true

bond of friendship between him and our fine old family minister, the venerable court chaplain Heym; a friendship that led him to have me confirmed by him, for Heym had not been able to baptise me owing to his absence with King Frederick William IV in Italy at the time. That my father was obliged to disapprove of the so-called Kulturkampf in the form it took, follows clearly from what has already been said.

Politically he stood for a close understanding with England, for warm friendship with Austria and for good-neighbourly relations with Russia. Although he had no love for Russia and no sympathy whatever with all that went on in the Tsar's court, and in the St. Petersburg circles, his relations with the Tsarevitch (later Alexander III) were nevertheless good. He considered Russia's mission to be the opening up of the Far East, and looked upon her as the bearer of culture to the great stretches of territory lying between Europe and the

Far East, but absolutely denied the Tsar any right of continuous interference in European affairs. The Crown Prince had a right presentiment of those Eastern problems which are still in embryonic stages of development, and with which we are obliged to occupy ourselves so intensively at the present time; he apprehended them more clearly and surveyed them with wider vision than the Chancellor, who had no sense of the Eastern question.

My father was anxious that we should have as thorough an acquaintance as possible with the more accessible parts of the Fatherland and used to take us along with our tutors on short expeditions with him into our homeland, the Mark. At one time we would be admiring Chorin or Lehnin, at another in Brandenburg, or standing in amazement before the tombs of mighty Otto the Great and the beautiful Empress Editha in Magdeburg Cathedral. Here the custodian of the Sacristy showed us all sorts of quaint relics

of antiquity, remains of the superstition of the Middle Ages. The climax was a locked casket which he refused to open, in spite of my father's request, because: "it contained a piece of the darkness that fell on Egypt which would fly out and darken everything if he opened it." My delighted father's comment caused an outbreak of hilarity among us that greatly hurt the poor sacristan. And we also used to visit various country-seats in the Mark, above all the castle of Rheinsberg, where I remember my father giving us an enthusiastic description of Frederick the Great's youth.

The Crown Prince was always kind and affable in converse with the most homely characters among the people, and he had a naturally happy and lively temperament that took pleasure in comic situations and good anecdotes, as is shown by stories about Frederick William IV already quoted, for they were told me by him. Nevertheless he was very easily irritated and was capable of

suddenly flying into a violent temper, especially when he met with any opposition that he thought unjustified. Hintzpeter, who had many opportunities of conversation with the Crown Prince made the following remarks about this characteristic of his, where it touched politics: "Those gentlemen among the Liberals who imagine that they can count the Crown Prince absolutely as one of them, and who think that they will be able to exert far-reaching influence on him when he comes to the throne, are on quite a wrong track. On the first occasion that the so-called "Progressives" under Richter, for example, start their mischievous malcontented opposition methods in the region of army affairs it will be all over with the Crown Prince's, or King's, friendship, as far as they are concerned, and it will call forth an outbreak of autocracy which will without hesitation consign those responsible to Spandau. In matters concerning the security of the Fatherland the Crown Prince

will admit no trifling whatever; his ideas of reigning are based absolutely on the standpoint: *sic volo, sic jubeo.*"

When such outbreaks of temper were over, particularly when the Crown Prince recognised that they had been unjustified, he was always his good self again, and often used to end up excusingly: "We have inherited this irritability from my Weimar grandmother Maria Pavlowna through the Emperor Paul. It is in our blood."

On these occasions his friend General Mischka was always able to work a pacifying or reconciliatory effect. He had been in close relation with my father for a long time, was good-natured and calm, and always knew how to put in a frank word to the good. For us children too he would always step in fearlessly when a paternal thunderstorm threatened to break over our heads. Among the different aide-de-camps who at one time or another served the Crown Prince was the later Field-

Marshal Moltke. Schweinitz was very much liked and remained in correspondence and intercourse with his former master all his life. His aide-de-camp Jasmund, who fell in France in 1870, was deeply and faithfully mourned: as a boy I received the order from my father in the field to represent him at the funeral in Bornstedt.

As a counterpart to his temper the Crown Prince had moods of depression which he jokingly called his fits of "Weltschmerz." These were partly caused by the weariness due to his being kept waiting all his life. He used to complain that he would never "get there," that his plans would never be carried out, that his generation would be passed over, and that the grandson would succeed the grandfather, without him, the Crown Prince having had an opportunity to give practical proof of his ability as a sovereign. There was something tragic, almost a presentiment of the trouble to come, in these depressing reflexions.

The journeys he made to beautiful sunny Italy to study art in the last decade 1878-1888 gave him great joy, and respite from gloomy thoughts. He had a great love for Italy and a sincere and hearty friendship for her noble chivalrous upright King Humbert. What transports of enthusiasm his spontaneous action evoked in the Romans, when, on his first visit to "Re Umberto," standing next to the latter on the balcony of the Quirinal to receive the homage of the Quirites, he suddenly held the King's little son up aloft in his arms and showed the enthusiastically surging Romans their future ruler—the present King. "Evviva la Germania! evviva Federico!" was the cry then . . . Tempi passati!!!

He was a grand, knightly Prince, like a valiant figure of old, a Siegfried. His devout, deeply-rooted Christian faith enabled him to bear and to subdue the malignant disease that overtook him and made his short reign so terribly painful, until God summoned him

home from his sufferings. As in life so in death he was true to his motto: "Fearless and faithful!"

May our House and our people keep this motto everlastingly before their eyes. May they engrave it on their hearts! Without these two qualities the German nation must surely founder.